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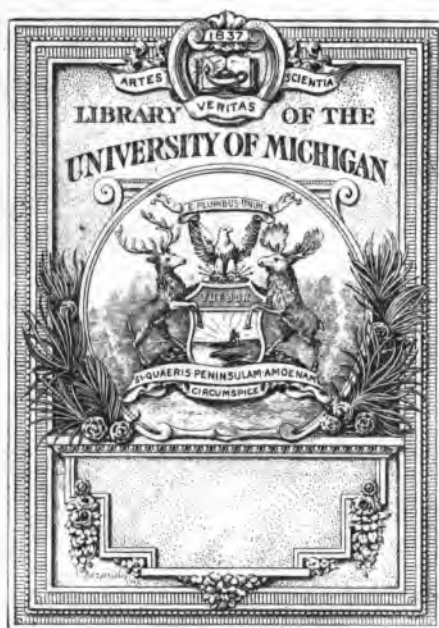
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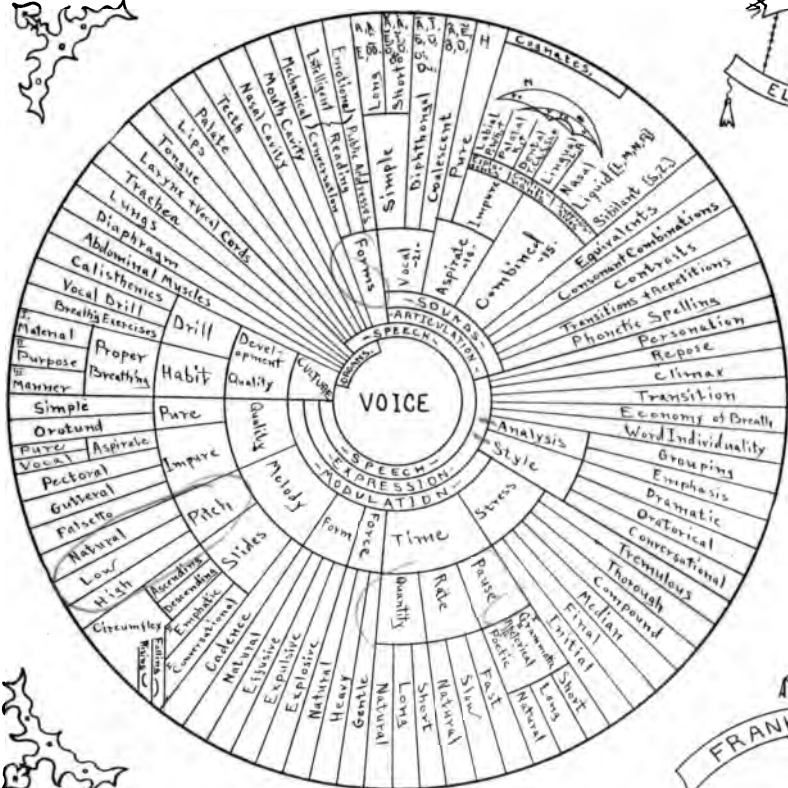
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FENNO'S SCIENCE OF SPEECH





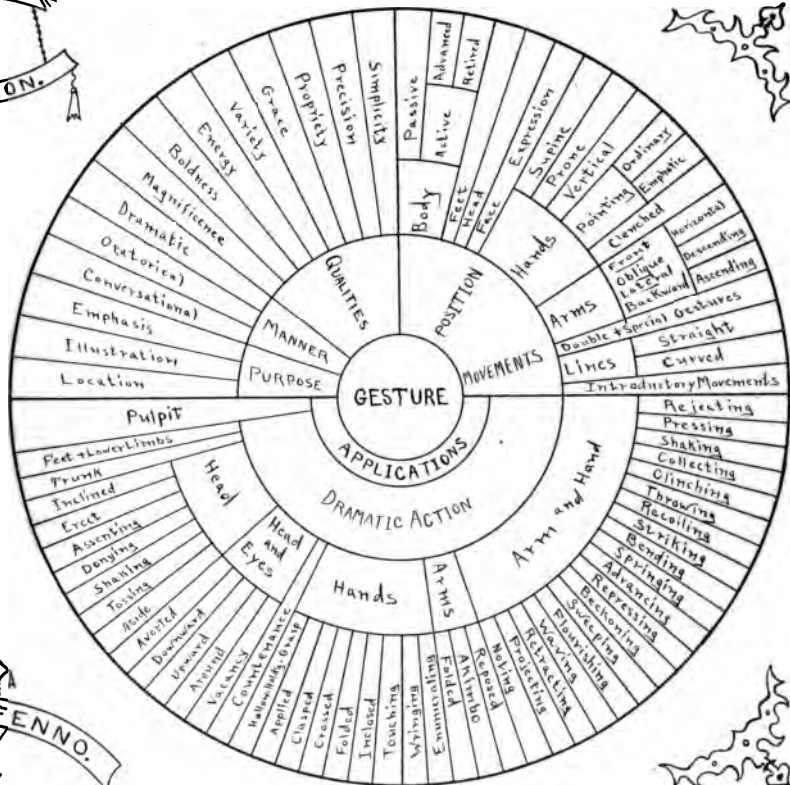
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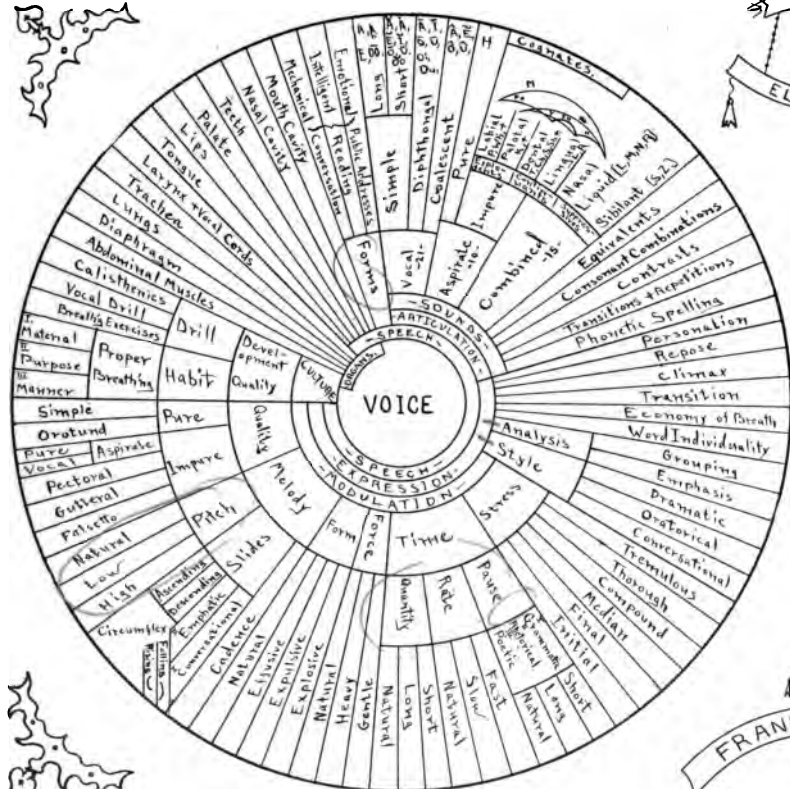
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By

MRS. FRANK H. FENNO.

PREFACE.

The following work, taught in connection with the "*Art of Rendering*," has been for a number of years given to pupils in notes, and is now published for the first time.

The principles presented in the two books are not vain experiments, for results are manifest in the successful pupils who are filling places as teachers, preachers, readers, lecturers and entertainers.

No claim is made to present some wonderful, new and original system, but both new and old that have been tested and found most helpful from Shoemaker, Emerson, Curry, Brown, Murdoch, Rush, Austin, Plumptre, Delsarte and others, are the sources from which this system is formed.

In "*The Science of Speech*" and "*The Art of Rendering*" are given principles in the simplest, most concentrated form, which might easily be expanded into chapters. The statements are, as far as possible, shorn of philosophic argument, though there is abundant proof for their truthfulness. On account of brevity and so that the principles may be easily understood, no attention has been given to a fine style but, on the contrary, the matter has been treated with homely language and illustrations, with much given in outline, some thoughts even repeated. The "Laws" were arranged especially for a short course at a Chautauqua Summer School. They have since been found useful to busy people.

In this work, which is the result of the author's careful investigations during many years, the unchangeable Laws of Voice and Action are developed step by step, formulated and taught. In this Natural Scientific Method of Voice Culture, Gesture, Enunciation, and Modulation the principle is "Not imitation, but strict conformity to the Laws of Speech, and these laws the only basis of criticism. " In thus training the speaking voice, the Keynote is Emotion—Adaptation.

This New Method, evolved out of old and new truth, is with confidence presented to the attention of all desirous of improving their vocal powers. It constitutes what might almost be termed an exact Science of Speech, based upon the facts: 1, that human utterance depends upon immutable laws and is not subject to the caprice of every speaker; 2, that imitation is not the faculty through which we should acquire knowledge of reading and speaking; and 3, that every person has as distinct an individuality of speech as of feature that should be carefully preserved, grafting upon it excellencies and pruning it of faults. It is an eminently practical system, with no abstruse philosophy and fanciful reasoning.

"*The Science of Speech*" may be used for lessons one day a week in regular daily class work, in connection with the Steps in Rendering and other drill found in "*The Art of Rendering*" which should be taken up on the other four lesson days; or the two works may be adapted to suit the time for lessons in near this proportion.

The following Chart of Elocution presents a systematic outline of the whole subject and gives an intelligent comprehension of the order of the Laws of Voice and Action.

MRS. FRANK H. FENNO.

CHICAGO, ILL. MARCH 19TH, 1912.

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LAWS OF VOICE & ACTION

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS AND STUDIES FOR PRACTICE.

1. Law of Source.— Tracing back all human expression, the starting point in the study of Speech is God himself ; Man, the mouthpiece ; Truth, the theme ; and God, the author.

The thoughtful student will find the Law of Source is " Multum in Parvo. " In it is a seed-thought which, if carefully planted in the mind and heart, will unfold in the life yielding graces of speech which seem to be gifts to only the chosen few.

A consciousness of being in the light of the Source of Expression offers a safeguard against two displeasing extremes : on the one hand, egotism, too great self confidence ; on the other hand, timidity and self abasement. Standing in this light one may have instead, poise, dignity and ease of bearing.

While our own will has much to do with our thoughts and what we are, yet it is possible for us to become passive and under the control of a higher will than our own so in this way one may receive most helpful thoughts and noble, poised feelings. The inspired men do not belong to Bible times alone. Wonderful light is given to the men and women of this Twentieth Century who learn to *listen* and to *expect* messages, *responding* to what is received. The light is pouring upon us. We need to be aware of this and open the windows of our minds and hearts, too long closed to the fact, and let the truth shine in. We may know it when it comes for this is the truth that " shall make you free. "

There are wide differences in the conditions of natures and beings, treated in another place. As in matter, so in spirit is the principle: THE CLEARER AND MORE TRANSPARENT THE MEDIUM, THE MORE PERFECTLY WILL IT REFLECT THE TRUTH.

To start with, let the mind take its proper attitude, with *self* hidden behind the thought. The *thought* is worthy. Come out from the limitation that boasts "I did it," or the distrust of self that says "I cannot do it." Learn to stand in the source of light and to reflect light, not self.

We find the law of Source of Expression illustrated in the familiar picture, St. Cecilia by Naujok. Note how the artist has placed his ideal character in a flood of light with uplifted, attentive face, listening to the music pouring upon her and the keys in flowery gifts by angelic hands. The musician so inspired responds to the message simply as it is given. There is no appearance of effort, no thought of self, or of how to perform the task, or what the listener may think. With concentrated attention she seems a transparent, responsive medium vibrant with divine music.

II. Law of Thought Manifestation.— Thought and feeling are expressed in but three ways: Word, Voice, and Gesture. Elocution does not include written expression.

The three ways of manifesting thought are direct language of the threefold nature: Physical, Mental, and Emotive.

We find the Word is the language of the Mental side.

The Voice simply, as in a call or cry, is the language of the Physical nature.

The Gesture, though made with the muscles and the physical body, yet Gesture is the language of the Emotive nature. We know an infant's first language is voice, second,

gesture when it shows its feelings by movements of its body. Its third language is the word. As it begins to think it learns to speak ; thus coming into the three ways of manifesting thought and feeling.

III. Law of Dual Form.— Speech—Elocution—is both a Science and an Art : a Science because based upon immutable principles : an Art from the fact that intelligent, continued practice leads to artistic excellence in its use ; and because, like Music, Painting, and Poetry, its object is to touch the heart by the expression of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True.

Note 1.— Man's laws are artificial and arbitrary, made to govern a particular case or similar cases included in one category ; but natural laws are general in their application, and are discovered only by observation ; then if correctly formulated, they represent the unerring, guiding principles of the world of matter and of spirit. Hence, by carefully observing the conditions, tendencies and effects of vocal effort, we may be able to formulate a code of Laws of universal application, then, if such laws are rightly deduced from the phenomena of utterance and truthfully stated, they are in no sense artificial and arbitrary, but the infallible laws of nature by which she permits man to give expression to his thoughts and feelings.

Note 2.— The player by ear can never execute a piece of music, outside his own composition, that he has not previously listened to, while the player by note has a whole world of harmony at command. So the student of Elocution who applies principles has within his reach a wealth of expression denied him who merely imitates his teacher's tone and manner. The latter not only copies the bad as well as the good, but will never excel that which he imitates. *Imitation is not Education.*

IV.— Law of Individuality.— Every person owns a distinct individuality of speech that should be carefully preserved, grafting upon it excellencies and pruning it of faults.

Note 1.— As you would not expect all individuals to look alike, neither ask them to read or speak alike except in so far that they observe all the laws of speech.

PRINCIPLE:— NOT IMITATION, BUT STRICT CONFORMITY TO THE LAWS OF SPEECH AND ACTION AND THESE LAWS THE ONLY BASIS OF CRITICISM.

The student is asked to look back of the fact that no two persons are alike for the *cause* and try to find the *reasons* why no two persons should speak alike or act alike. All are aware of the truth that no two persons are alike, even though one may so closely resemble another as to be mistaken for him, even so, it is soon discovered that the disposition or something in the inner life is so different the outer resemblance is soon lost.

There are standards for testing and weighing nearly every material thing, and some elements almost too mysterious to be called material, but the real man seems to have escaped all standards of measurement. We know we cannot fix a standard by the coat he wears, nor by his intellectual attainments, nor by the money he stands for, nor even by his social or his political standing. The real man eludes you.

In nature all forms of life are distinctly classified from the lowest to the highest. First comes inorganic life; next vegetable; animal; highest is human life. Let us consider one of the elements entering into the steps of advancement from one form of life to the next higher. This important element is Flexibility, Plasticity, Freedom. The inorganic

life is the lowest in the scale, fixed and rigid; next comes the vegetable with its variety and ever changing beauty; next comes the animal life from the lowest forms up to that with almost human intelligence. Crowning all other forms of life is man, uniting all in one three forms of life; the physical, the mental and the emotive. The three kinds of life in man are influenced as are the lower forms, in that they rise in the scale of value by this same condition—Flexibility, Plasticity, Freedom. The brain receives on its folds impressions that it retains. We may say the mind has been filled with impressions (educated) that once was blank, untaught, and because of the convolutions filled with imprints of thought it is transformed into a mind of power.

When we attempt to study the highest side of human life, the emotive or spiritual we enter into the realm of the mystical. So plastic and susceptible is this side of the life we know of nothing to which it may be compared. It is like a breath, a vapor, a cloud. A wave tossed by a gentle breeze is not so easily moved as the human spirit. We call this side of life emotive because it is so impressionable and easily moved. A person in a tranquil, happy mood may receive word of sudden disaster and in less time than it takes to tell it, the whole being will be thrown into agitation.

There are not only what might be called the fleeting, emotions, like the light waves on the surface of the water when the wind plays gently upon it but there are beside the profound feelings reaching to the very depths, stirring the whole being. Beside these there are the deep passions, like the troubled sea when it cannot rest but casts up mire and dirt. It would seem, as on the storm lashed sea, tranquility could never again be restored. The storm passes, the sea becomes calm. In the same mysterious way the emotive nature is acted upon by influences quite as powerful as the storm and may become tranquil in a short period of time.

So great is the force of the impressions upon this—the most sensitive of all life—the Emotive or Spiritual, we at last begin to realize that the health and well-being of the individual is ruled largely by these impressions.

When we find out, too, how a person *feels* about a thing—not so much what he thinks—when the feeling hidden in the innermost chambers is discovered, there is no more to be said. The conclusion of the whole matter is reached and we say “he was angry,” or “he was pleased.”

Two persons may solve a mathematical problem in entirely different ways, yet this mental difference is not considered a matter of importance; but if one person so differs in his feelings from another as to hate what the other loves, this is a difference of wider meaning, for it has to do with the largest and most essential part of life.

Psychologists have made careful investigations and have discovered wonderful laws of mind from the action of the brain with its faculties of perception, memory, imagination, reason, etc. We are beginning to realize that this realm we call the Emotive is a great unexplored field waiting to yield the richest treasures of all to those who can find out the laws of the affectional, passionial, ethical, mystical, spiritual life. When the laws governing the Emotive or Spiritual are as well accepted and applied as those laws of the Mental, then the race will doubtless be freed from many limitations.

Though man stands as a representative of the highest form of life on earth, there is a wide difference in being as one is compared with another. However wide this may be still the rule of Flexibility holds good. The flexible Body is in a better condition to perform all its functions than the cramped, rigid body.

The plastic Mind in the pupil is far more teachable than the mind that defies the efforts of the teacher.

The plastic Soul made so by obedience to the Divine

will, and with feelings of good will toward those around it, is far more susceptible and responsive than a soul filled with willfulness and pride, and feelings of disregard for his fellows.

This comparison may be carried out in still another way: One side of the nature in the individual may be out of harmony with the other two. There may be a flexible, teachable mind with a stiff, unresponsive body; there may be a teachable, open mind with a stiff, selfish, unresponsive soul. Harmony and all-round perfection and balance of the three natures should be the aim. Many a life is "all out of sorts" because of this lack of poise, and fails to find the cause, yet may know after harmony is once established.

While each nature may be trained separately and apart from the others, yet in action there is such a close relation, such a dependence of one upon the others, that what moves one has a reflex influence on the other two.

The training farthest reaching is that given to the ruler of the other two, the spirit. In brief: harmony or poise is best secured for the body, mind and spirit by first attuning the inner life in harmony with the Infinite. In other words: seek to be commanded by the All-wise, cultivate the benevolent feelings, love of human welfare, sympathy, and appreciation. These feelings take rigidity out of the mind and body so they may receive the best and attain to the best. Wide differences exist in the Physical, Mental, and Emotive natures, yet that culture that gives Flexibility is an advantage to the three natures in all persons.

The student is now asked to consider another important cause for differences in individuals. There are impressions being stamped continually on this highly sensitive recorder, the threefold human life, daily, from the cradle to the grave. Let us call these impressions *Experiences*.

Think for a moment of a being at the very first, not

quite like any other, who has been receiving messages by the way of the eye, the ear, through all the five senses, and through that mysterious inner sense that brings us in touch with influences we can feel but cannot understand.

Never for an hour is it possible for two persons to have exactly the same experiences. Even twins brought up together in the same home are not subjected to the same impressions even for a day. The difference widens in school. Still more marked grows the dissimilarity in business and society. Day after day makes the experience more complex and varied. The life within is so crossed and recrossed that a word standing for any common object does not mean just exactly the same to them both.

The student who follows up the line of thought barely hinted here will discover abundant reason for wide and marked differences in individuals.

Let each person be fit and content to express his true self. Should you happen to be an oak, try to be as grand an oak as possible. Should you be a heart's-ease, fill as perfectly as possible the place you occupy with beauty and fragrance. Let not the peach tree fret itself because it does not bear grapes and so fail to bear peaches. It is most unprofitable and embarrassing in people when they try to imitate and to be other than their own selves. Learn to respect your own individuality. It is God given and respected by Him.

Enrich your experience by accumulating such a wealth of noble thought and feeling as to possess a millionaire personality. Guard most jealously all the avenues of impression, especially the eyes, the ears, the heart. Keep the feelings poised and pure. Set a watch lest a foe touch and mar the sensitive recording plate within, for the impressions, foul or fair, made on this record are indelible. In this is no favor. Each one must ever keep what he has accumulated. There is encouragement for "*the poorest is heir to the best.*"

V. Law of Voice Production.— *Speech is the joint production of the physical, the mental and the moral man, voice being purely physical, intelligent articulation and modulation, the result of mental conception and effort, while all higher spiritual and magnetic effects of speech emanate from the moral.*

Note.— “Moral” includes Emotional nature. The Physical body produces mechanical tone; the Intellectual governs modulation; the emotional adds to calm reasoning, but without the moral the highest emotions are unknown; the voice cannot take on its noblest character, and speech falls far short of its divinity.

VI. Law of Voice.— *The sounds of the voice should be under perfect command and the tones full and pleasing.*

Note.— Voice is the mechanical action of certain organs of the body. Breath from the lungs is forced through the windpipe and over the vocal cords, the tone thus being modified by the cavities of the mouth and nose.

VII. Law of Voice Culture.— *Nature gives body, mind and voice, but highest results from each are secured only through proper training of each, and the consequent unfolding of latent powers. Culture of the voice should lead to first, its symmetrical development and second, to proper use of the vocal organs.*

Note 1.— Voice being the principal medium for the conveyance of thought between man and man it should receive special attention that it may perform its duty in the best manner.

Note 2.— Voice culture should consist in

1. A study of the organs.
2. Breathing exercises.

- a. *Breath is for a twofold purpose, to sustain life and to furnish a means of speech.*
- b. *We should breathe pure air only.*
- c. *We should acquire the habit of deep breathing, both as a matter of health and to procure adequate means and power of speech.*

3. Vocal exercises which give

- a. STRENGTH. b. PURITY. c. COMPASS. d. RESONANCE.
- e. AGREEABLENESS. f. FLEXIBILITY. g. BRILLIANCY.

4. Physical exercises which give

- a. HEALTH. b. STRENGTH. c. GRACE. d. IMPROVED TONES.

VIII. Law of Mechanical to Artistic, or General Law of Culture.— All culture whether of body, mind or voice is a growth from the crude to the refined, and all drill must be in the order of

- 1. *Mechanical.* 2. *Intellectual.* 3. *Artistic.*

Note.— Upon this law must be based all the practical work in the study of expression or rendering.

IX. Law of Resonance.— A high pitched head tone being painful to both speaker and hearer, a chest tone not sufficiently agreeable and a throat tone of inadequate volume; it is found that by employing Chest Resonance, we gain both Ease in use and Character in tone.

Note 1.— Chest resonance may be described as a pure sound formed in the throat and allowed to reverberate throughout the trachea and bronchial tubes; the chest cavity serving as a resonance box to amplify and mellow the tone.

Note 2.— The sound is always formed by the vocal cords in the throat; if confined to that locality

and denied resonance, it is called a throat tone; if the stream of sound be directed upward it appears to come from the head, a head tone; if apparently downward, its location is referred to the chest, a chest tone.

Examples —

Head tone, E. as in knee.

Throat tone, A. as in ah.

Chest tone, A. as in awe.

As the nares is the centre of the voice, resonance should be secured at this point before chest resonance.

X. Law of Organs.— *The voice is produced by active and reverberatory vocal organs, and the tones thus formed are modified by the articulatory organs or organs of speech.*

Note.— The vocal organs are the following :—

ORGANS OF VOICE.

I. MOTIVE ORGANS.

1. Diaphragm. 2. Abdominal muscles. 3. Inter-costal muscles. 4. Clavicular muscles.

II. RETENTIVE ORGAN.

Lungs.

III. CONVEYANT ORGAN.

Trachea.

IV. REVERBERATORY ORGANS.

1. Larynx. 2. Pharynx. 3. Trachea. 4. Mouth.

ORGANS OF SPEECH.

I. ARTICULATORY ORGANS.

1. Tongue. 2. Lips. 3. Palate. 4. Teeth.

XI. Law of Speech — Speech is the vocal utterance of thought and the great medium of communication between man and man. By it we can convey any thought of which the mind is capable, and express the entire language of the heart. With capabilities almost infinite, and being the special gift of God to his chosen creatures, it becomes divine.

Note. This is the common, restricted use of the word speech; in its broadest sense it may include both voice and action.

” God collected and resumed in man
 The firmaments, the strata, and the lights,
 Fish, fowl, and beast, and insect,—
 All their trains
 Of various life caught back upon his arm,
 Reorganized and constructed *man*,
 The microcosm, the adding up of works.”

Mrs. Browning.

It has been said, we live in one world and bear another on our shoulders. “Behold the microcosm!” When breathed upon and given the divine gift of Speech we may say, “Behold the macrocosm!” Given this little globe we carry on our shoulders, with the powers of articulate speech our reach is enlarged into a greater realm, even outside the material world, into that of thought and feeling, reaching unto the spiritual.

All things of the material world are condensed into words. All our hidden thoughts and feelings, even our communications with the Divine Being, all these things are taken up and transformed, then breathed out in words touching those around us with marvelous power for weal

or woe. So of speech we may say : it is " the adding up of works. "

The study of the history and growth of language is of profound interest. In F. Max Muller's lectures on the " Science of Language," he says, " Without language thought could advance but little. "

There is an intimate relation between the thought and the word. As we speak, we think ; as we think, we speak.

In the child the ability to speak and the ability to think advance together. Thus it continues on in after life. A speech defect is also an ear defect, back of which often lies a thought defect. We find with the cure of the speech defect the mind is also improved. The limited child rejoices in freedom from its limitations and enters into a new and better atmosphere of life. Not the child alone but a person of any age often may have a defect of speech easily cured. Some forms of deafness may be treated by attention to the speech, being careful to pronounce correctly all the elementary sounds, giving special drill on the sounds to which the ear is deaf.

The words we speak affect our feelings as well as our thoughts in a decided and powerful way. Much that we earnestly covet of good in every day life may be turned our way by observing some of the laws governing speech aside from those of Spelling and Grammar.

Says James of the tongue, " Therewith bless we God and therewith curse we men. " Even more is true, for therewith we bless ourselves or curse ourselves.

The Book which is also wonderfully scientific says, " Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. " Even more is true for we must account to ourselves immediately.

We all know that the words we speak do not return to us void, as they instantly rebound to their source.

It would seem that the thought expressed in words gives a direct connection with some unseen, wireless current of like character, of the same kind of spirit and vibration as that sent out, which responds instantly. If the words be glad; ringing back to our own soul comes the echo. If the words be bitter, our whole being is shriveled with the message that comes back. Go through the whole gamut of thoughts and feelings, whatever key we sound the vibration rings true within ourselves. We can well afford to "Clothe worthy thoughts in chaste, and elegant language," if for no other reason than for the sure benefits to ourselves.

An aid in our efforts to acquire the use of good language is good society, especially the society of those who not only bring us out but of those who bring out of us the best there is in us. Another aid is the study of good books. Familiarity with the language of the best authors, the best literature, is an aid in the use of good language.

Out of the great variety of talkers let us consider the petty as contrasted with the great.

There are those who talk right on regardless of an ear to listen. Thoughtless chatter is a waste of energy.

He who gives nothing through his speech receives in the same proportion.

Speech in a wider sense, as used by the public speaker, has still another and larger phase. In this form of speech the thought and language are magnified.

The ability to think on the feet calls into action all the energy and greatest intensity of thought possible. Few comparatively are possessed with this rare ability, and they by it are the rulers of men. Where great problems requiring the best thought of many minds fused together for solution; for example, great political questions involving the welfare of a nation, are settled by the men who are able to

think on their feet and take advantage of situations as they develop. The ability to think on the feet is not as some may suppose a gift of the gods, but is cultivated and grown by slow degrees.

In tracing the history of these giants of power, we find that some of them made their first appearance in a very humble way ; often it has taken place in some country schoolhouse on Friday afternoon, when they "spoke a piece" and first experienced a thrill of inspiration for their bashful efforts. Following them, we find they appear again and later they learn to take advantage of the opportunities for public speaking. Original matter comes in play for literary societies and debates. Each effort gives additional ability and courage, till the world feels the influence of men who can not only speak in public but think in public and sway the minds of assemblages of men.

Says Macintosh in his "White Sunlight of Potent Words," "Of speech, the might and magic of the spoken soul, not scripture, the written soul - Speech, hot, glowing, fresh born, fire-kindling speech, that indeed is more than kingly power ; the tongue is the glory of man."

Says Hackel, "Nothing can have transformed and ennobled the faculties of the brain of man so much as the acquisition of language."

"If a man offend not in word the same is a perfect man."

"The tongue of man is a sacred organ. Man, himself is definable in Philosophy as an 'Incarnate word.' The word not there, you have no man there either, but a Phantasma instead."

While "speech is silver and silence golden," "Silence may be ignorance, unreadiness, cowardice, falsehood, treason, base consent to what is evil."

The Old Testament has a triple idea of the highest manhood : Prophet, in other words, Orator, Priest and King.

The greatest was the Prophet. The King and Priest must be a Prophet as well.

Still is it true at the present time, the leaders of men, the ministers of sacred things, must have the power to persuade, to command ; must have the tongue of a Prophet.

"It appears that your tongue, which an old Hebrew poet says is the best member you have, is potentially not only an artist, but a philosopher and a scientist and a philanthropist, a reformer and a nurse, and a ward visitor — indeed, a kind of whole Bureau of Labor and of Charities at once."

Says F. Max Muller: "That there is in us an animal, ay, a bestial nature, has never been denied; to deny it would take away the very foundation of psychology and ethics. We cannot be reminded too often that all the materials of our knowledge we share with the animals; that, like them, we begin with sensuous impressions, and then, like ourselves, and like ourselves only, we proceed to the general, the ideal, and the eternal. We cannot too often be reminded that we are like the beasts of the field, but that like ourselves and like ourselves only we can rise superior to our bestial self and strive after what is unselfish, good, and Godlike. The wing with which we soar above the sensuous was called by men of old the *ogos*; the wing with which we soar above the sensual was called by good men of old *daiminion*. Let us take continual care, especially within the precincts of the temple of Science, lest by abusing the gift of Speech, or doing violence to the voice of conscience, we soil the two wings of our soul, and fall back through our own fault to the dread level of the gorilla."

Says Henry Ward Beecher of the Tongue, "When St. James says, 'If a man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body'

one is at first surprised . It would seem to place the sum of virtue in a very little thing . But a larger experience of life would change our opinion . The tongue is the exponent of the soul . It is the flame which it issues, as the lightning is the tongue of the clouds . It is the sword of anger, the club of brutal rage, the sting of envy . It is the soul's right hand, by which it strikes with wasting power . On the other hand, the tongue is the soul's voice of mercy ; the string on which its love vibrates as music ; the pencil with which it fashions its fairest pictures ; the almoner of its gifts ; the messenger of its bounties !

By speech a man may touch human life within and without . No sceptre has such power in a king's hand as the soul hath in a ready tongue ; which also has this advantage, that well uttered words never die, but go sounding on to the end of the world, not lost when seemingly silent, but rising and falling between the generations of men, as ships rise and fall between the waves, hidden at times, but not sunken . A fit speech is like a sweet and favorite tune . Once struck out it may be sung or played forever . It flies from man to man and makes its nest in the heart as birds do in trees .

This is remarkably exemplified in maxims and proverbs .

A generation of men by their experience prove some moral truth, and all know it as a matter of consciousness .

By and by some happy man puts the truth into words, and ten thousand people say he got that from me ; for a proverb is a child born from ten thousand parents .

Afterwards the proverb has the liberty of the world .

A good proverb wears a crown and defies revolution or dethronement . It walks up and down the earth an invisible knight-errant helping the needy . A man might frame and set loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who

lets go a golden-orbed speech to roll on through the generations of time.

The tongue may be likened to an organ, which, though but one instrument, has within it an array of different pipes and stops, and discourses in innumerable combinations. If one man sits before it not skilled to control its powers, he shall make it but a monstrous jargon. But when one comes who knows its ways, and has control of its powers, then it becomes a mountain of melody, and another might well think he heard the city of God at the hour of its singing. The tongue is the key-board of the soul; but it makes a world of difference who sits to play upon it.

It is sweeter than honey; it is bitterer than gall. It is a balm and consolation; it is sharper than a serpent's tooth. It is a wand that touches with hope and lifts us up; it is a mace that beats us down, and leaves us wounded upon the ground. One trumpet, but how different the blasts blown upon it, by love, by joy, by humility, or by hatred, pride, anger!

A heart that is full of goodness, that loves and pities, that yearns to invest the richest of its mercy in the souls of those that need it—how sweet a tongue hath such a heart! A flute sounding in the wood, in the stillness of evening, and rising up among the leaves that are not stirred by the moonlight above, or by those murmuring sounds beneath; a clock, that sighs at half-hours, and at the full hours beats the silver bell so gently, that we know not whence the sound comes, unless it falls through the air from heaven, with sounds as sweet as dewdrops make, falling upon flowers; a bird whom perfumes have intoxicated, sleeping in a blossomed tree, so that it speaks in its sleep with a note so soft that sound and sleep strive together, and neither conquers, but the sound rocks itself on the bosom of sleep, each charming the other; a brook that

brings down the greetings of the mountains to the meadows and sings a serenade all the way to the faces that watch themselves in its brightness;— these, and a hundred like figures, the imagination brings to liken thereunto the charms of a tongue which love plays upon.

Even its silence is beautiful. Under a green tree we see the stream so clear that nothing is hidden to the bottom. We cast in round, white pebbles to hear them plash, and to see the crystal-eyed fish run in and sail out again. So there are some whose speaking is like the fall of Jasper stones upon the silent river, and whose stillness follows speech as silent fish that move like dreams beneath the untroubled water! It was in some such dreaming mood, methinks, Old Solomon spoke, ‘A wholesome tongue is a tree of life.’ And what fruit grows thereon he afterwards says, ‘A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver.’ ”

XII. Law of Forms of Speech.— Conversation, Reading and Public Speaking constitute distinct forms of speech, in all three of which a natural delivery should be employed.

Note.— The key to natural delivery, except in Personation, is the manner in which you, with no wrong habits of utterance, would express the same language, if original with yourself and used under similar circumstances.

XIII. Law of Emotional Reading.— In reading, always convey with the thought the impression the thought should make upon you and the feeling it should awaken.

Note 1.— Since the highest aim in reading or speaking is to reproduce in your hearer’s minds the same

knowledge and state of feeling contained in your own, it follows that to do this successfully you must

1. Have a clear comprehension of the thought .
2. Be impressed by it .
3. By an effort of the will if necessary, feel the emotion you express .

Note 2.— The law of mechanical to artistic applied to Reading gives

1. Mechanical .
2. Intelligent .
3. Emotional .

Note 3.— The first key-note in speech is emotion .

XIV. Law of Articulation .— Enunciation should aim at Correctness, depending on the right position of the speech organs, and Distinctness, the result of the proper and energetic use .

Note 1.— In articulation the flow of vocalized and partly vocalized breath is so acted upon by the proper organs that many different sounds are produced, and these uttered singly or in groups are recognizable as words conveying ideas .

Note 2. The term articulation strictly means the act of modifying the tone by the articulatory organs, but is used in a wider sense as that department of elocution treating of sounds and their production .

XV. Law of Sounds .— In speech the body of sound, the vowels, should be rich and resonant, and the consonants, while pronounced correctly and distinctly, must not receive undue force . Proper drill on the sounds will insure a smooth, agreeable, musical voice .

Note 1. "Mouthing" is the result of an overstrained utterance of the consonant sounds .

Note 2.— A fair test of refinement and vocal education is found in the pronunciation of the short vowels in unaccented syllables, as in solemn, government, criticism.

The terminations ar, er, or and ur should not be pronounced exactly alike, though the slight force given to those syllables renders the distinction practically one of position of organ rather than difference in sound. Too much force on the unaccented vowel marks the superfine scholar.

Note 3.— Tones of the voice express feeling, not thought; illustrated in a cry of pleasure or of pain.

Note 4.— Voice should reflect character. The most melodious speech is empty unless given moral tone-color by true manhood or womanhood behind it. Nobility of soul adds a wealth of richness to the human voice; consequently all voice culture that does not include genuine moral culture is barren of highest results.

The study of Elocution or Expression brings forward into action a wider range of faculties than any other study; all those of the body, all those of the mind. Every shade of feeling, every form of thought, every mode of utterance, is studied and reproduced. The intellect is quickened, the reasoning powers brought into requisition, and the analytic faculty developed. The body attains to a greater dignity and suppleness, and the mind a broader scope, while the soul expands with grand and lofty ideals.

Note 5. The sounds of the English language are

1. Vowel sounds, the expiring column of breath being wholly vocalized.

a. Simple sounds admitting of no change in the position of the articulatory organs during the progress of the tone.

1. Long: e, oo; a, as in ah.

2. Short: a, e, i, o, u, oo.

b. Diphthongal sounds, consist of two almost inseparable sounds. Long *a*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *oi*, *ou*.

c. Coalescent sounds, consist of a vowel inseparably joined to *r*: *ar*, *er*, *or*, *ur*.

2. Aspirate sounds, the expiring column of breath being wholly unvocalized.

a. Pure Aspirate, breath only: *h*.

b. Impure Aspirate, breath modified by the articulatory organs. Explodents, percussive sounds *k*, *p*, *t*, *ch*, *wh*. Continuants, those capable of indefinite prolongation, *f*, *s*, *sh*, *th*.

3. Combined sounds, the expiring column of breath is partly vocalized.

a. Continuants: *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, *v*, *z*, *zh*, *ng*, *th*.

b. Suppressives, in which the sound is obstructed or partially suppressed: *b*, *d*, *g*, *j*, *w*, *y*,

Total number of sounds 46.

Note 6.— Sounds are classified as—

Labials— when modified by the lips.

Palatals— when modified by the palate.

Dentals— when modified by the teeth.

Linguals— when modified by the tongue.

Nasals— when modified by the nasal cavity.

Liquids are— *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*.

Sibilants are— *s*, *z*.

Note 7.— Cognates are sounds which occur in pairs one vocalized and the other not, the organs being in the same position for both.

Note 8.— Equivalent sounds are substitute sounds as— for long *a*, *Gaol*, *aid*, *gauge*, *lay*, *yea*, *weigh*, *rein*, *they*, *aye*.

Note 9.— For Exercises in Consonant Combinations see Fenno's *Elocution*, pages 23, 24, 78, 79, 242.

ORGANICAL TABLE OF CONSONANT SOUNDS,
SHOWING COGNATES

	<i>Aspirate</i>	<i>Combined</i>
Pure	h.	
Labial	p, wh, . . .	b, w.
Palatal	k,	g.
Dental	t, ch, s, sh,	d, j, z, zh.
Lingual	l, r.
Nasal — labial	m.
Nasal — lingual	n.
Nasal — palatal	ng.
Lingua — palatal	y.
Lingua — dental	th,	th.
Labio — dental	f,	v.

TABLE OF CONTRASTS

prince	prints	ducks	ducts
mince	mints	false	faults
sense	cents	reflex	reflects
dense	dents	tens	tends
tense	tents	wrens	rends
chance	chants	fens	fence
tracks	tracts	relics	relicts
axe	acts	instance	instants
sex	sects	incidence	incidents

Note 10.— Practice the following exercise in Transition and Repetition:

S, sh.	This ship.
s, y.	I shall miss you.
s, z.	Less zeal.
sh, z.	Fresh zephyrs.
st, s.	Sweetest song.
st, sh.	Largest shop.
s, s.	False sounds.
sh, sh.	Hush, Charlotte!
z, z.	As zealous.
st, st.	Severest storms.

Note 11.— Spell phonetically some complete selection.

TABLE OF ELEMENTARY SOUNDS

For practice.

VOICE SOUNDS

ate — ā	earn — ě	use — ū
father — ä	end — ě	up — ŭ
all — ą	ice — ī	urn — ũ
at — ă	it — ĭ	ooze — ōō
air — ǣ	old — ō	book — ǫō
ask — ą	orb — ǫ	oil — oi
eve — ē	on — ǫ	out — ou

BREATH SOUNDS

fur — f	pay — p	chat — ch
her — h	sat — s	she — sh
kid — k	ten — t	thin — th
		when — wh

COMBINED SOUNDS

Voice and breath

bay — b	may — m	yea — y
day — d	nay — n	zone — z
gay — g	rare — r	azure — z
jay — j	vane — v	they — th
lay — l	way — w	long — ng

XVI. Law of Pronunciation.— The usage of our best educated people, after eliminating provincialisms, if any exist, shall be the standard of pronunciation.

Note 1.— The Dictionaries aim to reflect the usage of educated people. Pronunciation, however, like language, being a matter of growth, is subject to change. In pronunciation, we must respect the genus of the language and the opinion of philologists.

XVII. Law of Mental Grasp.— Thought should so take hold on words as to give to speech a mental value apart from the mere loudness of the sound.

Note 1.— With a free, responsive voice and body and the thought and feeling living in the mind at the moment of utterance, the truest expression will follow.

Note 2.— Voice without mind is mere noise and vulgarity. Shakespeare says, "It is the mind that makes the body rich."

XVIII. Law of Modulation.— Expression being intelligent utterance by means of modulation of the voice, we use successive changes of Quality, Pitch, Force and Time as will most clearly convey and fix the thought.

Note.— Quality, Pitch, Force and Time are termed Elements of Modulation.

XIX. Law of Voice Quality.— Quality is the Kind of voice. Pure in normal, genial and exalted moods, and Impure when under control of the baser passions or depressing emotions.

Note.— The Pure Qualities are Simple Pure, and Orotund; the Impure Qualities are Aspirate, Pectoral, Guttural and Falsetto.

XX. Law of Simple Pure.— Tranquility requires a clear, smooth, agreeable tone—the Simple Pure Quality.

Note.— The term Tranquility as used in this treatise, is always understood to mean the natural or normal state of mind, perfectly free from emotion. It is illustrated in the reading of a list of facts.

Examples of Tranquility—

STILLNESS OF NIGHT

“ All heaven and earth are still,—
 Though not in sleep.
 But breathless as we grow when feeling most ;
 And silent as we stand in thoughts too deep—
 All heaven and earth are still . From the high host
 Of stars to the lulled lake and mountain coast,
 All is concentrated in a life intense,
 Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,
 But hath a part of being, and a sense
 Of that which is of all, Creator and Defence . ”

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank :
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears . Soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony .
 Sit Jessica, look how all the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold .
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubin,
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But while this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close us in we cannot hear it .

Shakespeare.

TRANQUILITY IN NATURE.

We wander'd to the Pine Forest that skirts the Ocean's foam ;
 The lightest wind was in its nest, the tempest in its home .
 The whispering waves were half asleep, the clouds were gone to play,
 And on the bosom of the deep the smile of Heaven lay ;
 It seem'd as if the hour were one sent from beyond the skies
 Which scattered from above the sun a light of Paradise !
 We paused amid the pines that stood the giants of the waste,
 Tortured by storms to shapes as rude as serpents interlaced,—
 And soothed by every azure breath that under heaven is blown
 To harmonies and hues beneath, as tender as its own :
 Now all the tree-tops lay asleep, like green waves on the sea,
 As still as in the silent deep the ocean-woods may be .
 We paused beside the pools that lie under the forest bough ;
 Each seem'd as 't were a little sky, gulf'd in a world below ;
 A firmament of purple light, which in the dark earth lay,
 More boundless than the depth of night, and purer than the day—
 In which the lovely forests grew as in the upper air,
 More perfect both in shape and hue than any spreading there .
 There lay the glade and neighboring lawn, and through the dark
 green wood
 The white sun twinkled like the dawn out of a speckled cloud,
 Sweet views which in our world above can never well be seen,
 Were imaged by the water's love of that fair forest green :
 And all was interfused beneath with an Elysian glow,
 An atmosphere without a breath, a softer day below .

Shelley .

Now the first stars begin to tremble forth
 Like the first instruments of an orchestra
 Touched softly, one by one,— There in the East
 Kindles the glory of moonrise : how its waves
 Break in a surf of silver on the clouds !—
 White, motionless clouds, like soft and snowy wings
 Which the great Earth spreads, sailing round the Sun .
 O silent stars ! that over ages past
 Have shone serenely as ye shine to-night,
 Unseal, unseal the secret that ye keep !
 Is it not time to tell us why we live ?

Sill.

XXI. Law of Orotund.— *Grandeur, sublimity, reverence, adoration, impassioned utterance and address, shouting, stern command and poetic fervor require a round, full, flowing monotone — the Orotund Quality.*

Examples of Orotund —

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou that rollest above, round as the shield of my fathers ! Whence are thy beams, O sun ! thy everlasting light ? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty ; the stars hide themselves in the sky : the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave ; but thou thyself movest alone .

Who can be a companion to thy course ? The oaks of the mountain fall ; the mountains themselves decay with years ; the ocean shrinks and grows again ; the moon herself is lost in heaven, but thou art forever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course . When the world is dark with tempests, when the thunder rolls and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm, but to Ossian thou lookest in vain, for he beholds thy beams no more ; whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west . But thou art perhaps like me, for a season ; thy years will have an end . Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning . Exult, then O sun, in the strength of thy youth ! Age is dark and unlovely ; it is like the glimmering light of the moon when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills : the blast of the north is on the plain ; the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey .

Macpherson.

DANIEL'S INTERPRETATION OF THE KING'S DREAM .

"And in the days of these kingdoms shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed ; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand forever . Forasmuch as thou sawest that the stone was cut out of the mountain without hands, and that it break in pieces the iron, the brass, the clay, the silver, and the gold ; the great God hath made known to the king what shall come to pass hereafter : and the dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure . "

Daniel II : 44-45.

XXII Law of Aspirate.— Fear, secrecy, wonder, disgust, awe, dread and ecstatic joy demand the half whisper, or Vocal Aspirate Quality : while extreme caution or secrecy calls for a whisper, or Pure Aspirate .

Examples—

Macbeth . " I've done the deed ! Didst thou not hear a noise ? Hark ! Who lies i' the second chamber ? There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried ' Murder ! ' Methought I heard a voice cry ' Sleep no more ! Macbeth doth murder sleep . ' I am afraid to think what I have done ; look on't again I dare not . "

" Macbeth . "

Shakespeare.

Beatrice . " Did he pass this way ? Have you seen him brother ? Ah, no ! That is his step upon the stair . ' Tis nearer now ; his hand is on the door ! Mother, mother, if I to thee have ever been a dutious child, now save me . He comes ! The door is opening now ! "

" The Cenci . "

Shelley.

XXIII. Law of Pectoral.— Physical or mental suffering, groaning, horror, remorse, despair, and the supernatural require a lifeless relaxed action of the vocal cords, and a hollow, deep-seated chest tone, termed Pectoral Quality.

Note.— Great care should be exercised in the practice of the Impure Quality of voice, especially the Pectoral and the Guttural. A very little injudicious drill on this quality of voice will undo the most faithful work in voice culture and may ruin the voice permanently. As a safeguard, the strain must not all be on the voice, let the physical body lead in the expression.

Examples—

Marley's Ghost. "You will be haunted by three spirits. Without their visits you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first to-morrow night, when the bell tolls one. Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third on the next night, when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; but look that for your own sake you remember what has passed between us."

"Christmas Carol."

Charles Dickens.

My head is low, and no man cares for me;
I think I have not three days more to live;
My God has bowed me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me
Nevertheless, know you I am he
Who married—but that name has twice been changed—
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, woman, sit and listen.

"Enoch Arden."

Tennyson.

XXIV. *Law of the Guttural.*— The malicious passions, such as anger, hatred, spite, loathing, contempt and defiance require a harsh, tense, throaty, Guttural Quality.

Examples—

THE YORKSHIRE SCHOOL.

Squeers left the room, and shortly after returned, dragging Smike by the collar.

"Now what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Spare me, Sir!"

"O, that's all you've got to say, is it? Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life and spare you that."

One cruel blow had fallen on him, when Nicholas Nickleby cried, "Stop."

"Who cried, stop?"

"I did, this must not go on."

"Must not go on!"

"Must not go on! Shall not! I will prevent it."

"Sit down, beggar."

"Wretch touch him again at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. By heaven! I will not spare you if you drive me on! I have a series of personal insults to avenge, and my indignation is aggravated by the cruelties practiced in this foul den. Have a care, for if you raise the devil in me, the consequences will fall heavily upon your own head!"

Squeers spat at him, and struck him a blow across the face. Nicholas instantly sprang upon him, wrested his weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy. Then such a cheer arose as the walls of Dotheboys Hall had never echoed before, and would never respond to again.

"Nicholas Nickleby."

Charles Dickens.

XXV. Law of Falsetto.— Terror and extreme pain take a shrill, shrieking Falsetto Quality, as does the imitation of a high-pitched female voice.

Mr. Squeers having bolted the house door to keep it shut, ushered him into a small parlor, where they had not been a couple of minutes when a female bounced into the room and seizing Mr. Squeers by the throat, gave him two loud kisses like a postman's knock, saying—

“How is my Squeery?”

“*Nicholas Nickleby*,”

Charles Dickens.

O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark staring wild!

Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets like a crying lost-looking child?

Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if I only knew which way—

A child as is lost about London streets, an especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.

I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you wretch, you little Kitty M' Nab!

You promised to have an eye on him, you know you did, you dirty deceitful young drab.

Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along of following a Monkey and an Organ:

O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he's got kiddynapped with them Italians

They'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the outlandish tatterdemalions.

Billy—where are you, Billy?—I'm as hoarse as a crow with schreaming for ye, you young sorrow!

And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying fresh herring to-morrow.

“*The Lost Heir*.”

Hood.

XXVI. Law of Pitch. — *Pitch or key of the voice while often changing is ever determined by the sentiment, being Low, High or Natural, according to whether the sentiment is depressed, elevated or normal.*

Note 1.— The element, Pitch, includes degree of Pitch, Force, Slide and Cadence.

Note 2.— Tranquility takes Natural Pitch, Force, Quality, Rate, Time and Pause and requires the speaker's unemphatic utterance.

The Pitch of the voice is governed by the pulse.

Excitement that quickens the pulse raises the pitch of the voice; that which quiets the pulse lowers the pitch. The excitable, nervous person has the shrill, high-pitched voice, while the calm, dignified person speaks on the low pitch.

The influence of the voice in this particular is most contagious and magnetic in its effect. One scream has often the power to scare away a robber or to start a panic. The shrill, high-pitched voice is responsible for much restlessness and nerve irritation. Such a voice has no place in the school-room where it is so often found; nor in the sick-room. The low, quiet voice restores balance, gives assurance and does good like medicine.

To the public speaker attention to the pitch is of utmost importance. The excitement and consequent quickening of the pulse when a speaker rises to begin, often causes him to pitch the voice to a high, strained unnatural key which once started is well-nigh impossible to change and this alone has caused a failure of many an effort which would have been a success had the voice been properly pitched at the start. The voice may climb up to a high pitch, and make natural changes easily, but started once too high it must carry out the whole gamut to the finish.

It is possible however, if one is conscious of the fact that he has made a bad beginning, to come to a full stop ; in the pause, *take a breath*, strike the low pitch before proceeding .

Following is a speaker's golden rule—

“ Be self-possessed,
When most impressed ;
Begin low . Proceed slow ;
Rise higher ; take fire . ”

Reading is also robbed of its natural expression by a high pitch as if the mind were under some unnatural strain. In conversation the changes of pitch come easily and naturally, yet this natural management of pitch is the first point to loose in public speaking or in reading .

Because of the pitch and monotonous flow of words we may readily detect a person reading aloud, whom we cannot see .

“The causes of the change of pitch are about the same as those which make the branch of a tree, or a leaf upon that branch, to grow in a given direction . Wherever there is life it will seek outflow in the most unhindered direction . Life, like water, will flow into the most open channel . Monotony is death . ”

A change of the mind or a change in the thought will cause a change of pitch, or a leap of the voice from one point to another .

The length of the interval, as well as the length of the slide is caused by the intensity of the thought or of the emotion . The greater the excitement, the wider the interval .

The study of pitch and slide is complicated and profound in some points like Harmony in music . Rush has given a comprehensive treatise on the subject . He says there is a difficulty in fixing a key in speech like the key-note in song, but proper cadence affects the ear in speech like the

consumation of a key-note in music. The OCTAVE is the widest interval of the speaking scale, yet the voice may go beyond it. Intervals of a FIFTH above the current melody are generally within the range of the natural voice.

Intervals of the THIRD are less emphatic and intense than the FIFTH. The rising SECOND is still more limited in extent. It is the base of the diatonic melody, conveying plain meaning in contrast with passionate states. Plain melody with long quantity gives it dignity.

"He who is continually dealing out THIRDS, FIFTHS, OCTAVES, allows no repose to the ear, and when real cause for expression comes, both the ear and the mind are unable to perceive the real meaning: while upon the *vocal level*, so to speak, of the diatonic ground, the expressive intervals properly employed come with all pleasing and natural effect of variety and contrast."

SEMITONE is universally the sign of animal distress. In the call "fire" is an example of the voice rising a semitone. "fi-*yer*."

Intervals of the FOURTH, SIXTH, and SEVENTH may be employed for questions, but the THIRDS, FIFTHS and EIGHTHS are more easily recognized as definite points on the musical instrument and in the human voice.

DOWNWARD INTERVALS may pass through an OCTAVE. Example—"Well done!" The downward may pass through the shorter intervals as well as the longer.

The key and interval in speech is much the same as in music. The intervals from one pitch to another are controlled by the action of the mind as will be treated later. Intensity of thought and feeling cause the long leaps from one pitch to another giving long intervals.

We may make a short cut of a profound and interesting study—yet a study if not carried out far enough has dangers of making mechanical readers—by attention to the thought.

Generally speaking we may say : a change of pitch is caused by a change of the sentiment, of the feeling, or a change from one thought to another, as when introducing a new subject .

We should not confound high and low pitch with loud and soft voice . On the piano high or low may be played loudly or softly . The voice is used in the same way .

Examples of High Pitch—

Sing the bridal of nations ! with chorals of love,
Sing out the war vulture and sing in the dove,
Till the hearts of the people keep time in accord,
And the voice of the world is the voice of the Lord !

Clasp hands of the nations

In strong gratulations ;

The dark night is ending and dawn has begun ;

Rise, hope of the ages, arise like the sun,

All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as one !

" Christmas Carman . "

Whittier .

Then there arose on high the universal shrieks of the women ; the men stared at each other, but were dumb . At that moment they felt the earth shake beneath their feet ; the walls of the theatre trembled ; and beyond in the distance, they heard the crash of falling roofs ; an instant more and the mountain-cloud seemed to roll towards them dark and rapid, like a torrent ; at the same time it cast forth from its bosom a shower of ashes mixed with vast fragments of burning stone ! Over the crushing vines, — over the desolate streets, — over the amphitheatre itself, — far and wide, — with a mighty splash in the agitated sea, — fell that awful shower ! Each turned to fly — each dashing, pressing, crushing, against the other . But darker, larger, mightier, spread the cloud above them .

" Last Days of Pompeii . "

Lytton .

Examples of Medium or Natural Pitch —

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin
the Redbreast,
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no other
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the wood, and
blithely

All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his boasting,
Or of his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle, and only
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the
nests they were building.

With them, but more sedately and meekly Elizabeth Haddon
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and
songless.

Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms
and music,

Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with melodies
vernal.

"Elizabeth."

Longfellow.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string.
Accept the place the divine providence has found for you
the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events.
Great men have always done so, and confided themselves
childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their percep-
tion that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working
through their hands, predominating in all their being.
And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind
the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a
corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but re-
deemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay
under the Almighty effort let us advance on Chaos and
the Dark. Who has more soul than I masters me, though
he should not raise a finger. Round him I must revolve
by the gravitation of spirits.

"Self-Reliance."

R. W. Emerson.

Examples of Low Pitch —

Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll
 Round us, each with different powers,
 And other forms of life than ours,
 What know we greater than the soul ?
 On God and Godlike men we build our trust.
 Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears :
 The dark crowd moves and there are sobs and tears :
 The black earth yawns : the mortal disappears.

"Death of the Duke of Wellington."

Tennyson.

Into the awful death-chamber of the abbey they bore him one midnight. He was dying. On the bare floor of the death-chamber they sprinkled consecrated ashes in the form of a cross. Over these they scattered straw, and over the straw they drew a coarse serge cloth. This was his death-bed — a sign that in the last hour he was once more admitted to the fellowship of his order. From the low couch on which he lay he looked at it. Then he made a sign to the abbot, in the mute language of the brotherhood. The abbot repeated it to one of the attendant fathers, who withdrew and soon returned, bringing a white cowl. Lifting aside the serge cloth, he spread the cowl over the blessed cinders and straw. Father Palemon's request had been that he might die upon his cowl, and on this they now stretched his poor emaciated body, his cold feet just touching the old earth-stains upon its hem. He lay quite still, with closed eyes. Then he turned them upon the abbot and the monks who were kneeling in prayer around him, and said, in a voice of great and gentle dignity:

"My father — my brethren, have I your full forgiveness?"

With sobs they bowed themselves around him.

After this he received the crucifix, tenderly embracing it, and then lay still again, as if awaiting death. But finally he turned over on one side, and raising himself on one forearm, sought with the hand of the other among the folds of his cowl until he found a small blood-stain upon its bosom. Then he lay down again, pressing his cheek against it; and thus the second time a monk, but even in death a lover, he breathed out his spirit with a faint whisper — “*Madeline.*”

And as he lay on the floor, so now he lies in the dim cemetary garth outside wrapped from head to foot in his cowl, with its stains on the hem and the bosom.

“*The White Cowl.*”

James Lane Allen.

CHANGE OR TRANSITION IN PITCH.

In the following examples are marked changes in pitch with wide intervals as well as a great variety of shorter leaps of the voice. In changing from one pitch to another, from high to low or from low to high, make the change in a pause; do not think to blend one form into another.

Principles governing Transition of the Feet apply to the voice as well; both are made for the same cause. In the following examples let each pupil for himself, get the full thought, then give it expression, giving attention first to transitions most marked with *wide* intervals; later the *narrow*, yet nevertheless, very important intervals.

Examples of Change or Transition of Pitch —

And the wind began to rise, an' I thought of him out at sea,
An' I felt I had been to blame; he was always kind to me.
‘Wait a little, my lass, I am sure it’ll all come right —’
An’ the boat went down that night — the boat went down
that night.

“*The First Quarrel.*”

Tennyson.

“The foe came on, and few remain
To strive, and those must strive in vain :
To the high altar, on they go,
And round the sacred table glow
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,
From the purest metal cast ;
A spoil — the richest, and the last,
So near they came, the nearest stretched
To grasp the spoil, he almost reached,—
When old Minott’s hand
Touch’d with the torch the train —
’Tis fired !
Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,
The turban’d victors, the Christian band,
All that of living or dead remain,
Hurled on high with the shiver’d fane
In one wild roar expired !”

A SURPRISING DISCOVERY .

Marner closed his door, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint . Turning toward the hearth where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red, uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair and was stooping to push his logs together, when to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there was gold in front of his hearth ! Gold ! his own gold — brought back as mysteriously as it had been taken away ! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, for a few moments he was unable to stretch forth his hand and grasp the restored treasure .

The heap of gold seemed to glow and to get larger beneath his agitated gaze . He leaned forward, at last and stretchehed forth his hand ; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar outline, his fingers encountered soft warm

curls. In utter amazement Silas fell upon his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child — a round fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head.

The wee boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking in the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house.

Under the promptings of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was a cry of "mammy" again which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their tracks to the furze bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware, that there was something more, than the bush before him — that there was a human body with the head sunk low in the furze, and half covered with the shaken snow.

"Silas Marner."

George Eliot.

XXVII. Law of Slides.—In monotone the voice is carried along on a level, while in natural conversation, it is full of inflections, continually sliding up and down. These slides give life to speech and render it expressive. The voice full of slides can give the finest shades of meaning, while the tone of strength and power approach the monotone and is less expressive. Slides lead the mind away from the general thought to the individual ideas.

Note 1.— In song the voice passes from one key

to another by distinct steps, called Discrete movement, but in speech Concrete movement is used.

Note 2.— The Monotone while generally a fault is properly used when great impressiveness is desired.

SIGNIFICANCE OF LINES.

Slides in the voice, movements of the arms in gesture, are governed in a general way, by the same principles as are found in the other arts.

We find the Curved line is expressive of grace and beauty; the Straight line, strength; the Spiral, mystic, spiritual. The Straight line is physical in significance; the Curved line, mental; the Spiral, emotive, spiritual, mystic.

“Curved is the line of beauty; straight is the line of duty; Follow the Second, and you will see the First will ever follow thee.”

Following are outlines showing meaning of lines of Form, Sound, Motion in Nature and Art.

STRAIGHT LINES EXPRESSIVE OF STRENGTH.

Form.

a. Nature.

- i. Rocky layers in the earth's crust
- ii. Towering peaks, bluffs, canyons.
- iii. Glaciers.

b. Architecture.

- i. Pyramids.
- ii. Rocky caves of Egypt and Assyria.
- iii. Walls of ancient cities.
- iv. Massive modern buildings, places of commerce.

Sound.

- i. Roar of thunder, and the roar of a storm.
- ii. Growl of angry animals.
- iii. Some martial music.
- iv. Orotund voice in monotone.

Motion .

- i. The walk of a person who is decided, and has a determined, earnest purpose .
- ii. The course of a strong wind .
- iii. Lightning flash .
- iv. Heavy blows .

CURVED LINES EXPRESSIVE OF GRACE AND BEAUTY .**Form .****Nature .**

- i. Outlines of distant hills and mountains .
- ii. Winding streams .
- iii. Banks of clouds .
- iv. Endless variety in vegetable life, curve of branch, of leaf and flower .
- v. Animals, the horse, for example, has a variety of curves and complex lines of beauty .
- vi. The human body reaches highest perfection of grace, harmonic blending of lines of beauty .

Architecture .

- i. Domes, arches, niches, endless combinations of ornamental carvings and devices .

Sound .

- i. Rhythmic sounds in nature .
- ii. Songs of birds, rippling water .
- iii. Music of all kinds .
- iv. Slides and inflections of the human voice .
- v. Rhythm of speech .

Motion .

- i. Motion of the waves .
- ii. Birds floating in the air .
- iii. Fishes swimming in the water .
- iv. Movements of some animals .
- v. Fields of waving grain .

SPIRAL LINES ARE SYMBOLIC OF THE SPIRITUAL, MYSTICAL.

Examples of the spiral line we find in the motion of flame ending in a vanish of smoke, which suggests the the spiritual, mystical, vanish. We find this idea illustrated in the ancient worship, the prayers being offered up with the sacrifice.

Slowly from out the west the yellow rays of
 Ripening sunshine die, hushed are the song and jest;
 And from the sacrifice by priestly hands
 Sweet, spicy incense, like a voiceless prayer,
 Floats upon perfumed wings, to Mercy's throne.
 Down cloudy pathway walks the coming night,
 Casting mysterious shadows in her way.

"*Rizpah.*"

Lucy Blinn.

The flame and smoke in an open grate plays with the fancy and leads the mind into the realm of the mystic.

In Art, Music, Architecture, and Life the upward curve is expressive of joy, gladness, exultation and kindred emotions: the downward lines manifest downcast, dejected feelings: sorrow, melancholy, and gloomy emotions.

Let us sum up the matter by saying: the slides of the voice and the direction of the arms in gesture move in a straight, curved, or spiral line according to the sentiment.

A study of the expression of lines may be found useful in many ways beside voice and gesture, music, architecture, and painting; arrangement of the lines in dress, the placing of articles in a room may be made to suggest cheer or gloom or strength. All recognize the meaning of the lines in the expression of the face. We understand what is meant by the expression "down in the mouth." The Psalmist often speaks of "horn exalted, or trumpet lifted up in rejoicing." "Straight out from the shoulder," tells of energetic action.

XXVIII. *Law of Rising Slides.—Ascending slides are employed—*

1. *While the meaning is yet incomplete.*

Examples—

“The horrid crags by toppling convent crown’d,
The cork-tree’s hoar that clothe the shaggy steep,
The mountain moss by scorching skies embrown’d,
The sunken glen whose sunless shrubs must weep,
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,
The orange tints that gild the greenest bough,
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,
The vine on high, the willow-branch below,
Mixed in one mighty scene with varied beauty glow.”

2. *Throughout and at the end of negative clauses and sentences.*

“Not high raised battlements nor labored mound,
Thick wall, or moated gate ; not cities proud, nor spires
Nor turrets crowned, nor bays, nor broad arm’d ports ;
Not stars, nor spangled courts,— these do not form
a state.”

“Tis not enough— No !

Vengeance cannot take away the grace of life ;
The comeliness of look that virtue gives,
Its port erect with consciousness of truth,
Its rich attire of honorable deeds,
Its fair report that’s rife on good men’s tongues.
It cannot lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,
Or with polluted finger tarnish it.”

“Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !”

3. *At the end of a complete thought when immediately followed by another in similar strain.*

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels its drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign."

"He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance and a low familiarity."

Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green;
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,—
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?

"*Vision of Sir Launfal.*"

Lowell.

4. In unemphatic questions answerable by yes or no, and in inverted questions and clauses.

“ Think you a little din can daunt mine ears?
 Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
 Have I not heard the sea puff'd up with winds,
 Rage like an angry bear?
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
 And Heaven's artillery thunder in the sky?
 Have I not a pitched battle heard
 Loud alarms, neighing steeds and trumpets clang?
 And do you tell me of a woman's tongue? ”

“ Of what use is fortune or talent to a cold or defective nature? Who cares what sensibility or discrimination a man has at some time shown, if he falls asleep in his chair? or if he laugh and giggle? or if he apologize? or if he is affected with egotism? or thinks of his dollar? or cannot go by food? Of what use is genius, if the organ is too convex or too concave, and cannot find a focal distance within the actual horizon of human life? Of what use, if the brain is too cold or too hot, and the man does not care enough for results, to stimulate him to experiment, and hold him up in it? Or if the web is too finely woven, too irritable by pleasure and pain, so that life stagnates from too much reception, without due outlet? Of what use to make heroic vows of amendment, if the same old law-breaker is to keep them? ”

“ Oh, ever beautiful! ever friendly! tell
 Is it in Heav'n a crime to love too well?
 To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
 To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
 For those who greatly think or bravely die? ”

5. In clauses expressing doubt or contingency.

“ If a cool, determined courage, that no apparently hopeless struggle could lessen or subdue — if a dauntless resolution, that shone the brightest in the midst of the greatest difficulties and dangers — if a heart ever open to the tenderest affections of our nature and the purest pleasures of social intercourse — if an almost childlike simplicity of character, that while incapable of craft or dissimulation in itself, yet seemed to have an intuitive power of seeing and defeating the insidious designs and treacheries of others — if characteristics such as these constitute their possessor a hero, then I say, foremost in the rank of heroes shines the deathless name of Washington !”

“ If it be proved against an alien,
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize on half his goods .”

6. In some exclamatory utterances .

“ Oh beautiful ! Oh wonderful ! Oh divine !
A scale has fallen from my sight,
A marvelous glory was called forth
And shone upon the face of earth .
I saw millions of spirits darting
To and fro athwart the air — spirits
That *my* magic had never yet discerned
Spirits of rainbow hues and quivering
With the joy that made their nature.
Wherever I cast my gaze, life upon life
Was visible, — every blade of grass
Swarmed with myriads, invisible
To the common eye, but all performing still,

With mimic regularity, the varied courses
Of the human race; every grain of dust,
Every drop of water, was a universe
Mapped into a thousand tribes, and all
Fulfilling the destinies of mortality,
Love, Fear, Hope, Emulation,
Avarice, Jealousy, War, Death. "

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain,—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! Silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven
Beneath the keen full moon?
Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows?
Who with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, God!
And they too have a voice—yon piles of snow
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, God!
" *Hymn to Mount Blanc.* "

Coleridge.

"Oh! When the heart is full— when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor words of common courtesy
Are such a very mockery— how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer! "

" O, speak again bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head
As is a winged messenger of heaven!
O blessed, blessed night! I am afeared,
Being in night, all this is but a dream! "

7. *In wonder and surprise, and in expressions of the genial emotions, such as joy, hope, love.*

“My gracious lord,
I should report that which I saw,
But know not how to do it:—
As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
The *wood* began to *move*—
Let me endure your wrath if it be not so:
Within these three miles you may see it coming—
I say a *moving grove*!”

Norbert— Now!

Constance— Not now!

Norbert— Give me them again, those hands—
Put them upon my forehead, how it throbs!
Press them before my eyes, the fire comes through!
You cruellest, you dearest in the world,
Let me! The Queen must grant what 'er I ask—
How can I gain you and not ask the Queen?
There she stays waiting for me, here stand you;
Some time or other this was to be asked,
Now is the one time—what I ask, I gain:
Let me ask now, love!

Constance— Do, and ruin us!

Norbert— Let it be now, Love! All my soul **breaks**
forth.

How I do love you! Give my love its way!
A man can have but one life and but one death,
One heaven, one hell. Let me fulfil my fate—
Grant me my heaven now! Let me know you mine,
Prove you mine, write my name upon your brow,
Hold you and have you, and then die away,
If God please, with completion in my soul!
“*In A Balcony.*” *Robert Browning.*

Duke— My own sweet love! O my dear peerless wife!
 By the blue sky and all its crowding stars,
 I love you better—oh, far better than
 Woman was ever loved. There's not an hour
 Of day or dreaming night but I am with thee:
 There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,
 And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon
 But in its hues, or fragrance tells a tale
 Of thee, my love, to thy *Mirandola*.
 Speak, dearest *Isidora*, can you love
 As I do? Can— But no, no; I shall grow
 Foolish if thus I talk. You must be gone;
 You must be gone, fair *Isidora*, else
 The business of the dukedom soon will cease.
 I speak the truth, by *Dian*! even now
Gheraldi waits without (or should) to see me.
 In faith, you must go: one kiss; and so, away.

Isidora— Farewell, my lord.

Duke— Farewell. — With what a waving air she goes
 Along the corridor. How like a fawn;
 Yet statelier. — Hark! no sound, however soft—
 Nor gentlest echo— telleth when she treads;
 But every motion of her shape doth seem
 Hallowed by silence. Thus did *Hebe* grow
 Amidst the gods, a paragon; and thus—
 Away! I'm grown the very fool of love.

" *Mirandolo*. "

B. W. Proctor.

" O *Jessica*! *Jessica*! *Jessica*! And to this day the
 sight of peach blossoms in the spring—the rustle of au-
 tumn leaves under my feet! Can you recall the lines of
Malory? 'Men and women could love together seven years,
 and then were love truth and faithfulness.' How many
 more than seven have I loved you!—you who never gave
 me any thing but friendship."

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin the worms shall destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God: whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. "

8. *In salutation and pleading.*

"O king, live forever!"

Duke— And here I take it is the doctor come.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Portia— I did my lord.

Duke — You are welcome. Take your place.

Cassius— Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Adam— What, my young master! O my gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory

Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?

O God Almighty, blessed Savior, Thou

That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,

Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness

A little longer! aid me, give me strength

Not to tell her, never to let her know.

Help me not to break in upon her peace.

My children too! must I not speak to these?

They know me not. I should betray myself.

Never: no father's kiss for me— the girl

So like her mother, and the boy, my son.

"*Enoch Arden.*"

Tennyson.

"Is it not more than midnight now? Have mercy;

Oh do not grasp me with such violence.

Oh spare me, sure I have not injured thee?

Let me not weep and pray to thee in vain!"

XXIX. Law of Falling Slides— It has been said that ascending slides serve to hold the subject up to view, while the descending slides are used to lay down the completed thought.

1. When the meaning is complete.

Examples—

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in nature that is ours ;
We give our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers ;
For this and for everything we are out of tune ;
It moves us not.— Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn ;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sights of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Wordsworth.

There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass ;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes ;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful
skies.

Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,

And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream !
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;
Eating the lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influences of mild-minded melancholy ;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly
How sweet (while warm airs lull us blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids, still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long, bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill —
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine —
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretched out beneath the pine.
The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :
The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone ;
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone,

Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
dust is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion, we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge
was seething free,

When the wallowing monster spouted his foam-foun-
tains in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like gods together, careless of mankind.

* * * * *

Surely, surely slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore
Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave
and oar;

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.
“ *The Song of the Lotos-Eaters.* ” *Tennyson.*

“ Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober liv'ry all things clad.
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale:
She all night long, her am'rous descant sung.
Silence was pleas'd. Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that lead
The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw. ”

“ Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.”

2. To separate individual clauses, independent in meaning.

“ Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still. ”

“ Man is higher than his dwelling-place: he looks up and unfolds the wings of his soul, and when the sixty minutes which we call sixty years, have passed, he takes flight, kindling as he rises, and the ashes of his feathers fall back to earth, and the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay, and pure as a tone, ascends on high. Even in the midst of the dim shadows of life, he sees the mountains of a future world gilded with the morning rays of a sun which rises not here below. ”

“ Bless the Lord, O my soul! O Lord, my God, thou art very great; thou art clothed with honor and majesty; who coverest thyself with light as with a garment; who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain; who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters; who maketh the clouds His chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind; who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be removed forever. ”

“ Thou breathest,— and the obedient storm is still;
Thou speakest,— silent the submissive wave;
Man's scattered ship the rushing waters fill,
And the hushed billows roll across his grave.
Sourceless and endless God ! compared with Thee,
Life is a shadowy, momentary dream,
And time when viewed through Thy eternity
Less than the mote of morning's golden beam, ”

3. Questions not answered by yes or no.

"But tell why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements; Why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?"

"Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul, which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasure; which rejoice exceedingly and are glad, when they can find a grave? Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?"

"How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon? How came he to the brink of that river? How dared he cross it? Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river? Oh! but he paused upon the brink. He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin."

4. *Often in questions answerable by yes or no.*

"Then Satan answered the Lord and said — 'Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and all he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. Put forth thy hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.' "

"What patriotic purpose is to be accomplished by this expurging resolution? Can you make that *not* to be which *has* been? Can you eradicate from memory and from history the fact that in March, 1843, a majority of the Senate of the United States passed the resolution which excites your enmity? Is it your vain and wicked object to arrogate to yourselves that power of annihilating the past that has been denied to Omnipotence itself? Do you intend to thrust your hands into our hearts and pick out the deep rooted convictions that are there? Or is your design merely to stigmatize us? You cannot stigmatize us. Ne'er yet did base dishonor blur our name."

5. *Throughout emphatic affirmation.*

"Fear thou not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. Behold all that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded; they shall be as nothing; and they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them, and shalt not find them, even them that contend with thee; they that war against thee shall be as nothing and as a thing of naught. For I, the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand saying unto thee 'I will help thee.' "

Queen Katharine — Sir, I desire you do me right and justice;

And to bestow your pity on me. Heaven witness,
I have been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable. If in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too against mine honor aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name
Turn me away.

“Hear what Highland Nora said:
‘The Earlie’s son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.
For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valor lost or won,
I would not wed the Earlie’s son.’ ”

“Ham asked him whither he was going.

‘I am going to seek my niece. I am going to seek my Em’ly. I am going, first, to stave in that theer boat as he gave me, and sink it where I would have drowned *him*, as I’m a livin’ soul, if I had one thought of what was in him! No one stop me! I tell you I’m a going to seek my niece! I’m a going to seek her fur and wide!’ ”

“I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
I’ll have my bond; I will not hear thee *speak*,
I’ll have my bond; and therefore speak no more,
I’ll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and *yield*
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I’ll have no speaking — I will have *my bond*!”

6. *Throughout language of authority.*

"Depart! Depart, O child
Of Israel, from the temple of thy God,
For he has smote thee with his chastening rod,
And to the desert wild,
From all thou lov'st, away thy feet must flee,
That from thy plague his people may be free. "

"The Angel answered, with unruffled brow,
'Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shall wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call,
And wait upon 'my henchmen in the hall! ' "

"You will not, boy! you dare not answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And nevermore darken my doors again. "

"The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of these broad-shouldered militia-men. 'Now, cowards, advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart! What! are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down! ' "

"She murmured a psalm from her Bible; but
closer the young girl pressed,
With the last of her life in her fingers,
the cross to her breast.
'My son, come away, ' cried the mother,
her voice cruel grown.

‘She is joined to her idols, like Ephraim;
let her alone!’ ”

7. *In utterance of gloomy emotions, complaint.*

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak; O Lord, heal me for my bones are vexed. My soul is also sore vexed; but thou, O Lord, how long? Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: Oh save me for thy mercies’ sake. I am weary with my groaning; all night make I my bed to swim. I water my couch with my tears. Mine eye is consumed because of my grief; It waxeth old because of all mine enemies.

Psalms VI.

Awful is the duel between Man and the Age in which he lives! For the gain of posterity this inventor, Adam Warner, had martyred existence—and the children had pelted him as he passed along the streets!

Again he paced restlessly to and fro the narrow floor of his room. At last he approached the Model—the model of a mighty and stupendous invention; the fruit of no chimerical and visionary science—a great Promethean Thing, that, once matured, would divide the Old World from the New, enter into all operations of Labor, animate all future affairs, color all the practical doctrines, of active men. He paused before it and addressed it as if it heard and understood him: “My hair was dark, and my tread was firm, when one night, a Thought passed into my soul—a thought to make Matter the gigantic slave of Mind. Out of this thought, thou, not yet born after five-and-twenty years of travail, wert conceived. My coffers were then full, and my name honored; and the rich respected me and the poor loved me. Art thou a devil that has tempted

me to ruin ; or a god that has lifted me above the earth ? I am old before my time — my hair is blanched, my frame is bowed, my wealth is gone, my name is sullied . And all, dumb Idol of Iron and the Element, all for thee ! I had a wife whom I adored — she died ; I forgot her loss in the hope of thy life . I have a child still — God forgive me — she is less dear to me than thou hast been . And now — ” the old man ceased abruptly, and folding his arms, looked at the deaf iron sternly, as on a human foe . By his side was a huge hammer, employed in the toils of his forge ; suddenly he seized and swung it aloft . One blow and the labor of years was shattered into pieces ! One blow ! — but his heart failed him, and the hammer fell heavily to the ground . “ Ay ! ” he muttered, “ true — true ; if thou, who hast destroyed all else, wert destroyed too, what were left me ? Is it a crime to murder Man ? — a greater crime to murder Thought, which is the life of all men . Come — I forgive thee ! ”

And all that day, and all that night the Enthusiast labored in his chamber, and the next day the remembrance of the hootings, the peltings, the mob, was gone — clean gone from his breast . The Model began to move — life hovered over its wheels, and the Martyr of Science had forgotten the very world for which he, groaning and rejoicing, toiled .

“ *The Despondent Inventor .* ” *E. Bulwer Lytton .*

“ Leaves have their time to fall

And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,

And stars to set ; — but all

Thou hast all seasons for thine own , O Death !

We know when moons shall wane,

When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,

When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain ;

But who shall teach us when to look for thee ? ”

8. *The baser passions.*

Cenci— My friends, I do lament this insane girl
 Has spoilt the mirth of our festivity.
 Good night, farewell; I will not make you longer
 Spectators of our domestic quarrels.
 Another time.—

(*Exeunt all but Cenci and Beatrice*)

My brain is swimming round :
 Give me a bowl of wine.

(*To Beatrice*) Thou painted viper !
 Beast that thou art ! Fair and yet terrible !
 I know a charm shall make thee meek and tame .

(*Exit Beatrice*)

Here, Andrea,
 Fill up this goblet with Greek wine. I said
 I would not drink this evening, but I must ;
 For strange to say, I feel my spirits fail
 With thinking what I have decreed to do.
 Be thou the resolution of quick youth
 Within my veins, and manhood's purpose stern
 And age's firm, cold, subtle villany ;
 As if thou wert indeed my children's blood
 Which I did thirst to drink — The charm works well;
 It must be done, it shall be done, I swear.

" *The Cenci.* "

Shelley.

" What ! you have brought your bride a wreath ?
 You sly old fox with wrinkled face—
 That blade has blood between your teeth.
 Lie still, lie still ! till I lean o'er
 And clutch your red blade to the shore.
 Ha ! ha ! take that, and that, and that !
 Ha ! ha ! So through your coward throat
 The full day shines ! "

Then John Alden spake, and related the wondrous
adventure,
From beginning to end, minutely, just as it happened;
How he had seen Priscilla, and how he had sped in his
courtship,
Only smoothing a little, and softening down her refusal.
But when he came at length to the words Priscilla had
spoken,
Words so tender and cruel: "Why don't you speak for
yourself, John?"
Up leaped the Captain of Plymouth, and stamped on the
floor till his armor
Clang'd on the wall, where it hung, with a sound of
sinister omen.
Wildly he shouted, and loud: "John Alden! you have
betrayed me!
Me, Miles Standish, your friend! have supplanted, defraud-
ed, betrayed me!
One of my ancestors ran his sword through the heart of
Wat Tyler;
Yours is the greater treason, for yours is a treason to
friendship!
You, who lived under my roof, whom I cherished and
loved as a brother:
You, who have fed at my board, and drunk at my cup,
to whose keeping
I have intrusted my honor, my thoughts the most sacred
and secret—
You too, Brutus! ah woe to the name of friendship hereafter!
Brutus was Cæsar's friend, and you were mine, but hence-
forward
Let there be nothing between us save war, and implacable
hatred!
" *The Courtship of Miles Standish.*" *Longfellow.*

9 *The falling slides are used on important words to give life and vividness to description.*

Everybody knows, in our part of the world at least, how pleasant and soft the fall of the land is round about Plover's Barrows farm. All above it is strong dark mountain, spread with heath, and desolate; but nearer our house the valleys cove, and open warmth and shelter. Here are trees, and bright green grass, and orchards full of contentment; and a man may scarce espy the brook, although he hears it everywhere. And indeed a stout good piece of it comes through our farmyard, and swells sometimes to a rush of waves, when the clouds are on the hilltops. But all below where the valley bends, and the Lynn stream goes along with it, pretty meadows slope their breast, and the sun spreads on the water.

To awake as the summer sun came slanting over the hilltops, with hope on every beam adance to the laughter of the morning; to see the leaves across the window ruffling on the fresh new air, and the tendrils of the powdery vine turning from their beaded sleep. Then the lustrous meadows far beyond the thatch of the garden wall, yet seen beneath the hanging scallops of the walnut tree, all awakening, dressed in pearl, all amazed at their own glistening, like a maid at her own ideas.

" *Lorna Doone.* "

Blackmore.

" The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks that bear the vine,
And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
And fields which promise corn and wine,
And scattered cities crowning these,
Whose far white walls along them shine. "

XXX. Law of Circumflex.— *Rising and Falling Slides, while diametrically opposed in significance, are sometimes united in a single word, having a mixed or double meaning, the more important idea prevailing, ending and naming the Circumflex, thus ; Rising and Falling. The Circumflex, like other inflections, as to their use may be classified as*

1. *Those which serve a purpose in a logical sense, where the meaning is either implied or expressed.*

2. *Used to manifest emotion.*

When any word is introduced which suggests an antithesis without openly expressing it, it should have a circumflex. An affirmative or positive clause takes a falling wave. A negative or doubtful clause takes a rising circumflex on the word suggesting the antithesis.

Examples of affirmative or positive clauses—

*“ Swear priests and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs : unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath. ”*

*“ You say you are a better soldier ;
Let it appear so : make your vaunting true
And it shall please me well. For mine own part
I shall be glad to learn of noble men . ”*

Examples of negative and doubtful expressions—

But it is doubtful yet,
 Whether Cæsar will *come forth* to-day, or no ;
 For he is *superstitious* grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him *from* the Capitol to-day .
 “ *Julius Cæsar.* ” *Shakespeare.*

“ Justice is not a *halt* and *miserable object* ; it is not the *ineffective* bauble of an Indian Pagod ; it is not the portentous phantom of despair ; it is not like any *fabled monster* formed in the *eclipse* of reason and found in some unhal-
 lowed grove of superstitious darkness and political *dismay*.
 No, my Lords, Justice resembles none of these ! ”

When words are antithical in meaning, and emphatic, the falling circumflex should be used on the positive and the rising on the negative.

Examples—

“ We live in deeds, not years,—in thoughts, not breath ;
 in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count
 time by heart-throbs. He most lives, who thinks the
 most,—feels the noblest,—acts the best. ”

“ Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go’st, not whence thou com’st ;
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians,
 The grass whereon thou tread’st the presence strew’d,
 The flowers, fair ladies, and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure or a dance ;
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it and sets it light. ”

The Circumflex is used in expressions having a double meaning, where the words say one thing while the slides of the voice give an opposite meaning.

The Circumflex is also employed in emotions of Surprise, Scorn, Contempt, Reproach.

Strong, emphatic emotions and passions such as great contempt, reproach, withering sarcasm, irony, mockery require a double Circumflex called the Wave.

Examples of Emotions with Circumflex and Wave—

SURPRISE.

"He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when he came. So did the plump sister when she came. So did every one when they came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful happiness.

"A Christmas Carol."

Dickens.

Schneider! Schneider! What's the matter with Schneider? Something must have scared that dog.

Well, I—no—Schneider! No; whatever it is, it's on two legs. Why, what a funny thing is that a coming up the hill? I thought nobody but me ever came nigh this place. What? What's the matter? Ain't ye goin' to speak to a feller? I don't want to speak to you, then.

Who you think you was, that I want to speak to you, any more than you want to speak to me; you hear what I say? He must be an old sea-snake, I reckon.

"Rip Van Winkle."

Joseph Jefferson.

SCORN.

And the Philistine said unto David, "Am I a dog, that thou comest unto me with stones?" And the Philistine cursed David by his gods. "Come to me and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field. Then said David to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the God of the armies of Israel whom thou hast defiled. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand; and I will smite thee, and take thy head from thee, and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know there is a God in Israel."

I Samuel VII.

Do you think to frighten me? you! by reminding me of the solitude of this place, and there being no help near? Me, who am here alone designedly? If I feared you should I not have avoided you? If I feared you, should I be here, in the dead of night, telling you to your face what I am going to tell? I have something lying here that is no love trinket; and sooner than endure your touch once more, I would use it on you — and you know it, while I speak — with less reluctance than I would on any other creeping thing that lives. We are face to face for the last time. Wretch! we meet to-night, and part to-night. For not one moment after I have ceased to speak will I stay here! See these! You have addressed these to me in the false name you go by. The seals are unbroken. Take them back! I single out in you the meanest man I know. You know how you came here to-night.

Lastly, take my warning! You have been betrayed.
Edith Dombey, "Dombey and Son." *Dickens.*

CONTEMPT .

King— Where is Polonius?

Hamlet— In heaven: send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go by the stairs into the lobby.

Bassanio— If it please you dine with us .

Shylock— Yes, to smell pork ; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the Devil into . I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.

REPROACH .

Queen— O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Hamlet— A bloody deed ! almost as bad, good mother, as kill a king, and marry with his brother .

“ And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads, and saying ‘ Thou that destroyest the temple, and buildest it in three days, save thyself . If thou be the Son of God, come down from the cross . ’ ”

IRONY .

Cry aloud; for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awakened .

“ But you are very wise men, and deeply learned in the truth; we are weak, contemptible, mean persons. ”

“ Thy integrity got thee absolved; thy modesty drew thee out of danger; and the innocency of thy past life

saved thee ; for you meant no harm : oh, no : your thoughts are innocent ; you have nothing to hide ; your breast is pure, stainless, all truth . ”

And Job answered and said,
 “ No doubt but ye are the people,
 And wisdom shall die with you.
 But I have understanding as well as you,
 I am not inferior to you ; yea, who
 Knoweth not such things as these ? ”

Job XII. 1-4.

MOCKERY.

“ Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans mark him, and write his speeches in their books, alas, it cried, ‘ Give me some drink, Titinius, ’ like a sick girl. ”

“ You come to me, and you say,
 ‘ Shylock, we would have moneys : ’ you say so !
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say
 ‘ Hath a dog money ? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ’ Or
 Say this :
 ‘ Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
 You spurn’d me such a day ; another time
 You call’d me dog ; and for these courtesies
 I’ll lend you thus much moneys ? ’ ”

Deaf to King Robert’s threats and cries and prayers,
 They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
 A group of tittering pages ran before,
 And as they opened wide the folding-door,
 His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,
 The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
 And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
 With the mock plaudits of “ Long live the King ! ”
 “ *King Robert of Sicily.* ” *Longfellow.*

XXXI. Law of Conversational Slides.—In ordinary utterance, conversational slides are used, which pass through one interval of the scale. In strong assertions, doubting or surprised interrogation and emotional language, the slides become emphatic and occasionally cover a whole octave.

Examples of Conversational Slides—

Of course it became a serious duty now, to make such a day of it, as should mark these events for a high Feast and Festival in the Perrybingle Calendar for evermore. Accordingly, Dot went to work to produce such an entertainment, as should reflect undying honor on the house and on every one concerned; and in a very short space of time she was up to her dimpled elbows in flour, and whitening the Carrier's coat, every time he came near her by stopping him to give him a kiss. That good fellow washed the greens, and peeled the turnips, and broke the plates and upset iron pots full of cold water on the fire, and made himself useful in all sorts of ways: while a couple of assistants, hastily called in from somewhere in the neighborhood, as on a point of life or death, ran against each other in all the doorways and round all the corners, and everybody tumbled over Tilly Slowboy and the baby, everywhere.

I wouldn't have missed Dot, doing the honors in her wedding-gown, nor the good Carrier so jovial at the bottom of the table. Nor the brown, fresh sailor-fellow and his handsome wife. Nor any one among them. To have missed the dinner would have been to miss as jolly and as stout a meal as man need eat; and to have missed the overflowing cups in which thy drank The Wedding-Day, would have been the greatest miss of all.

"The Cricket On The Hearth."

Dickens

XXXII. Law of Cadence. — Closing syllables of a sentence should be produced in a manner agreeable to the ear, avoiding similarity in the ending of successive sentences.

Note 1.— Cadence may occur upon one, two or three syllables or notes, and the forms are called respectively monad, duad and triad.

Note 2.— The closing of any reading or address should be so marked by inflections as to suggest the finish; a stepping down and out with a graceful leave taking.

“Cadence is the rhythmical modulation of the voice as in reading verse.” “The conclusion of a strain or of a musical period or passage; the principal point of rest in an harmonic progression :— An embellishment at the end of a piece.”

The student will find the natural cadences under the guidance of the thought and feeling in the following

Examples—

“Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll heap 'em all on the footboard of the cart,— there they are! razors, flat-iron, fryingpan, chronometer watch, dinner-plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass,— take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble!”

“O comrades! warriors! Thracians!— if we must fight, let us fight, for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters in noble, honorable, battle!”

“Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,
One grand, sweet song.”

XXXIII. Law of Force.— *Force is strength of tone; it should not be uniform through utterance but varying with the constantly changing sentiments.*

The Elements of Force include Degree of Force, Form and Stress.

XXXIV. Law of Heavy Force.— *When the idea is that of strength or power, as in grandeur, firm resolve, intensity of feeling, shouting, calling, defiance, anger and in all bold, noble, dignified, energetic, vehement or in declamatory utterances, Heavy Force is demanded.*

Note.—The Law of Mental Grasp (XVII, Page 25) should be carefully observed in the use of Heavy Force. Loudness requires Vocal Force but Intensity of thought Dynamic Force.

Examples of Heavy Force—

“Behold the condemned Claudius, and Cynthia, whom he lately took for his wife. They are condemned to death for the great folly of Claudius, that the Roman people may know that Commodus reigns supreme. The crime for which they are to die is a great one. Claudius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the Emperor and the incomparable archer of Rome. Whoever disputes it dies and his wife dies with him. It is decreed.”

The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard and the solemn vow

uttered to maintain it or perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolve to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls, proclaim it there; let them hear it who first heard the roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it who saw their brothers and sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,— and the very walls will cry out in its support.

" Supposed Speech of John Adams. "

Webster.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters; the Lord of glory thundereth: the Lord is upon many waters. The voice of the Lord is powerful; the voice of the Lord is full of majesty. The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars; yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon. He maketh them also to skip like a calf; Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn. The voice of the Lord divideth flames of fire. The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness. The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh. The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve, and discovereth the forests: and in his temple doth every one speak of his glory. The Lord sitteth upon the flood; yea, the Lord sitteth King forever.

Description of a Thunder-Storm.

Psalms XXIX.

Oh! woe to you, ye gardens in the tender light of May! Look on these ghastly features, this senseless, breathless clay. Look, and, beholding, wither; strike all your fountains dumb, lie desolate and barren through all the years to come! Woe, woe to thee, assassin! thou curse of minstrelsy! Vain, vain shall all thy striving for bloody glory be, thy name shall be forgotten, lost in eternal doom, as dies the last death-rattle, breathed into empty gloom!

" The Minstrels Curse. "

Helen Herbert.

XXXV. *Law of Gentle Force.*— *In passages subdued, tender, grave and pathetic, in awe and reverence, in gentle melancholy and plaintive emotions, Gentle Force is required.*

Examples of Gentle Force—

“Sleep, sleep — the south wind blows,
 Rocking the bee in the thornless rose,
 The baby birds have gone to bed,
 The drowsy blue-bell hangs its head;
 Blue-bell and baby, bee and rose,
 Sleep, the south wind softly blows,
 The tide ebbs, the tide flows,
 Night comes, but night goes,
 Sleep! Sleep! ”

And then straightway before
 My tearless eyes, all vividly, was wrought
 A vision that is with me evermore;
 A little girl that lies asleep, nor hears
 Nor heeds not any voice, or fall of tears—
 And I sit sighing o'er and o'er and o'er,—
 “God called her in from him and shut the dooor!”

“*He Called Her In,*”

Riley.

“Around this lovely valley rise
 The purple hills of Paradise.
 Oh, softly on yon banks of haze
 Her rosy face the summer lays!
 Becalmed along the azure sky,
 The argosies of cloudland lie,
 Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
 Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.”

“I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou,
 Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety.”

XXXVI. *Law of Form.*— *The Form of Force varies in speech, being Natural, Explosive or Explosive.*

XXXVII. *Law of Effusive.*— *Sentiment plaintive, pathetic, beautiful, solemn or reverential takes a gentle breathed Effusive Form.*

Examples of Effusive Form —

“ Farewell ! ” said he, “ Minnehaha!
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you !
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body .
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the land of the Hereafter ! ”

“ *The Famine.* ”

Longfellow

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust. As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

Psalms CIII, 13-16.

“ So hush,— I will give you this leaf to keep ;
See, I shut it inside the sweet, cold hand !
There, that is our secret : go to sleep !
You will wake and remember, and understand. ”

XXXVIII. Law of Expulsive. — Forcible, earnest, determined or impassioned language requires a vigorous Expulsive Form.

Examples of Expulsive Form —

“ For ’tis you have blown this coal ’twixt my lord and me. ”

“ Let no one dare when I am dead to charge me with dishonor. ”

“ Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen
of France,
Charge for the golden lilies, upon them with the lance. ”

XXXIX. Law of Explosive. — Vehement language, intense passion, startling passages of powerful description employ an abrupt, explosive force.

Examples of Explosive Form —

“ Ye gods! ye gods! must I endure all this? ”

“ Up with your ladders! Quick! ’tis but a chance!
Behold, how fast the roaring flames advance!
Quick! quick! brave spirits, to his rescue fly;
Up! up! by heavens, this hero must not die! ”

“ I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk; ’tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right,— let him show proofs,—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is false; I dare him to his proofs. ”

“ ‘ Halt! ’ the dust-brown rank stood fast.
‘ Fire! ’ out blazed the rifle blast. ”

XL. Law of Stress.— To words and parts of words Force may be applied in six different ways, named, Initial, Final, Median, Compound, Thorough and Tremulous Stress.

Note.— As the stress comes mainly on the *accented vowel* in the important word in any of the forms used, no attempt will be made here to indicate in the following examples the exact point of the stroke or stress. Attention to the thought and fervor of feeling is a trustworthy guide, after a clear understanding of the use of the different forms of stress. A study of these forms of stress is to the student of Expression as a mastery of the *graces* in music to the Musician. Careful drill is the cost, to be able to use the proper stress skillfully. The thought and feeling will aid in giving to the expression its true ring.

XLI. Law of Initial Stress.— To give energy and brilliancy to speech in all animated, energetic expression the vowels should be struck with a sharp, percussive force, termed Initial Stress.

“The guests were seated here and there
On silken lounge and damask chair,
And 'mid the din of laugh and song
Soft words were whispered in the throng,
And tender eyes a tale expressed,
Which tongue had never yet confessed.”

The thrush sings high on the topmost bough, —
Low, louder, low again; and now
He has changed his tree,— you know not how,
For you saw no flutter of wing.

“The Thrush.”

Sill.

XLII. Law of Final Stress.— *In passages manifesting intensity or fixedness of purpose, anger, contempt, stern rebuke and horror, the vowel sounds are more or less prolonged and Final Stress given in the form of Crescendo.*

Examples of Final Stress—

For the love of them Judah forgot his quarrel. "Help them, O my Messala! Remember our childhood and help them. I—Judah—pray you." Messala affected not to hear. "I cannot be of further use to you," he said to the officer. "There is richer entertainment in the street. Down Eros, up Mars!" With the last words he disappeared.

Judah understood him, and, in the bitterness of his soul, prayed to heaven. "In the hour of thy vengeance, O Lord, be mine the hand to put it upon him!"

"Ben-Hur."

Lew Wallace.

"Ye gods, it doth amaze me!

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm *alone*."

Then out spake Miles Standish, the stalwart Captain of Plymouth. "What! do you mean to make war with the milk and water of roses? Is it to shoot red squirrels you have your howitzer planted there on the roof of the church, or is it to shoot red devils? Truly the only tongue that is understood by a Savage must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon. Leave this matter to me for to me by right it pertaineth. War is a terrible trade; but in the cause that is righteous sweet is the smell of powder; and thus I answer the challenge!" Then from the rattle-snake's skin, with a sudden contemptuous gesture

jerking the Indian arrows, he filled it with powder and bullets full to the very jaws, and handed it back to the savage, saying in thunderous tones, "*Here, take it! this is your answer!*"
Longfellow.

XLIII. Law of Median Stress.— In passages of sublimity, grandeur, great solemnity, awe, reverence or veneration, the voice should take a deep, rich quality with a swell on the middle of the vowel, called Median Stress.

Examples of Median Stress—

(Voice of the people.) The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend thee; send thee help from the Sanctuary, and strengthen thee out of Zion; remember all thy offerings, and accept thy burnt sacrifice; grant thee according to thine own heart, and fulfil all thy counsel.

(Voice of the army.) We will rejoice in thy salvation and in the name of our God we will set up our banners; the Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

(Voice of the priest.) Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.

(Voice of army with enemy visible.) Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord, our God. They are brought down and fallen; but we are risen, and stand upright. Save Lord; let the king hear us when we call.

Battle Song.

Psalms, XX.

Toll! Roland, toll! Ring out across the sea!
 No longer, they, but we, have now such need of thee!
 Toll! Roland, toll! nor ever let thy throat
 Keep dumb its warning note till freedom's perils be outbraved!

Floy, come close to me, and let me see you.

How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! but it's very near the sea now — I hear the waves! they always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. Who stood on the bank? "Mamma is like you, Floy. I know her by the face. The light about the head is shining on me as I go." The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion, Death! O, thank God, all who see it for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us Angels of young children with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the sea.

Little Dombey, from "*Dombey and Son*." *Dickens*.

XLIV. Law of Compound Stress. — *In reproach, determination, intense surprise, contempt, withering scorn or violent interrogation, Compound Stress is used.*

Examples of Compound Stress —

"Thou, my once lov'd, valu'd friend!
By heav'n thou li'st; the man so call'd my friend,
Was generous honest, faithful, just and valiant;
Noble in his mind, and in his person lovely;
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,
Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect;
All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.
Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at."

THE WAR-PATH OF THE DOONES.

I could keep still no longer, but wriggled away from his arm, and along the little gullet, still going flat on my breast and thighs, until I was under a gray patch of stone with a fringe of dry fern round it; there I lay, scarce twenty feet above the heads of the riders, and I feared to draw my breath, though prone to do it with wonder. For now the beacon was rushing up, in a fiery storm to heaven, and the form of its flame came and went in the folds, and the heavy sky was hovering. But most of all the flinging fire leaped into the rocky mouth of the glen below me, where the horsemen passed in silence, scarcely deigning to look round. Heavy men and large of stature, reckless how they bore their guns, or how they sat their horses, with leathern jerkins, and long boots, and iron plates on breast and head, plunder heaped behind their saddles, and flagons slung in front of them; more than thirty went along, like clouds upon red sunset. Some had carcasses of sheep slinging with their skins on, others had deer, and one had a child flung across his saddle-bow. Whether the child were dead or alive, was beyond my vision, only it hung head downward there, and must take the chance of it. They had got the child, a very young one, for the sake of the dress, no doubt, which they could not stop to pull off from it; for the dress shone bright, where the fire struck it, as if with gold and jewels. I longed in my heart to know most sadly what they would do with the little thing, and whether they would eat it.

It touched me so to see that child, a prey among those vultures, that in my foolish rage and burning I stood up and shouted to them, leaping on a rock, and raving out of all possession. Two of them turned round, and one set his carbine at me, but the other said it was but a pixie, and

*Little they knew, that the pixie then before them would
dance their castle down one day.*

"Lorna Doone."

Blackmore

XLV. Law of Thorough Stress.— In bold command, fearlessness, exultation, denunciation or braggadocio, Thorough Stress, an abrupt heavy force throughout the vowel, is employed.

Examples of Thorough Stress—

Macbeth— How now you secret, black, and midnight
hags!

What is't you do?

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
Howe'er you came to know it, answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the
treasure

Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me
To what I ask you.

"Macbeth."

Shakespeare.

Weel, then! what I say 's this,— Dang my bones and
body, if I stan' this ony longer. Do you gang whoam wi,
me; and do you loight an toight young whipster look sharp
out for a broken head, next time he cums under my hond.

Cum whoam, tell 'ee, cum whoam!

John Browdie in "Nicholas Nickleby."

Dickens.

Coriolanus — The fires i' the lowest hell fold-in the people!

Call me their traitor! Thou injurious tribune!
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers, I would say
'Thou liest' unto thee with a voice as free
As I do pray the gods.

Shakespeare.

XLVI. Law of Tremulous Stress.— In laughter, joy, suppressed excitement, fear, extreme pathos, grief and pity, in the broken voice of sorrow or the trembling accents of old age, we find the Tremulous or Intermittent Stress.

Note— The student should use carefully this form of stress as it is likely to be merely a cold, mental pathos or mock laughter, producing in the listener the opposite impression from that intended. When a speaker sheds tears his listeners forget what he is talking about and pity him. When he *pretends* to shed tears they laugh at him. Avoid giving pathos a *whine*, as this leaves an irritating and undesirable impression. There seems to be one safe way to reach the proper result with Tremulous Stress, that is, to be so impressed by the emotion as to struggle for its control. If once the feeling breaks, you have "lost your powder."

Delsarte has given some helpful suggestions concerning the management of the breath.

"Inspiration is a sign of grief.

Expiration is a sign of tenderness.

Sorrow is inspiratory; happiness expiratory.

The inspiratory act expresses sorrow, dissimulation.

The expiratory act expresses love, expansion.

The suspensatory act expresses reticence and disquietude. A child who has just been corrected deservedly and who recognizes his fault, expires. Another corrected unjustly, and who feels more grief than love, inspires.

A *cry* is a prolonged exclamation.

A *groan* plaintive, two succeeding tones, one sharp, the final one deep.

Lamentation, voice loud, plaintive, despairing, obstinate, indicating a heart which can neither contain nor restrain itself.

Sob, succession of sounds produced by continuous inspirations, convulsive ending in a long, violent inspiration.

Sigh, weak, low tone, quick inspiration followed by a slow and deep expiration.

Laugh, loud, quick, monotonous sounds, uninterrupted series of slight expirations, rapid somewhat convulsive, produced by deep inspiration. "

Examples of Tremulous Stress—

Pauline— Alas! I have shown too much
The rashness of a woman: he is touched
To the noble heart. What's done and what's past
 help
Should be past grief; do not receive affliction at
 my petition.

Leontes— Prithee bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son;
One grave shall be for both, upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation; so long as nature

Will bear up with this exercise, so long
 I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
 Unto these sorrows.

"The Winter's Tale."

Shakespeare.

"But what a strange transformation was there! The wrinkles were gone. The traces of age, and pain, and weariness were all smoothed out; the face had grown strangely young, and a placid smile was on the pale lips.

The old man was awed by the likeness to the bride of his youth. He kissed the unresponsive lips, and said softly:

'You've found heaven first, Janet, but you'll come for me soon. It's our first parting in over seventy years, but it won't be for long — it won't be for long.' And it was not. The winter snows have not fallen, and to-day would have been their diamond wedding."

Ouf! I leaned out of the window for fresh air.

There came a hurry of feet and little feet,

A sweep of lute-strings, laughs and whiffs of song,—

 "Flower o' the broom,

 Take away love, and our earth is a tomb!

 Flower o' the quince,

 I let Lisa go, and what good in life since?

 Flower o' the thyme" — and so on.

 Round they went.

Scarce had they turned the corner when a titter

Like the skipping of rabbits by moonlight,—

 three slim shapes,

And a face that looked up zooks, sir,

 flesh and blood

That's all I'm made of! Into shreds it went,

Curtain and counterpane and coverlet,

All the bed-furniture — a dozen knots,

There was a ladder! Down I let myself,

Hands and feet, scrambling somehow, and so dropped
And after them. I came up with the fun
Hard by Saint Lawrence, hail fellow, well met,—

“Flower o’ the rose,

If I’ve been merry, what matter who knows?”

“*Fra Lippo Lippi.*”

Robert Browning.

In shirt of check and tallowed hair,
The fiddler sits in the bullrush chair
Like Moses’ basket stranded there
On the brink of Father Nile.

“*Money Musk.*”

Taylor.

“A fool, a fool! — I met a fool i’ the forest,
A motley fool; — a miserable world! —
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask’d in the sun,
And railed on lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms, — and yet a motley fool.”

XLVII. Law of Time. — Time in speech includes

- 1. Quantity, or time given to a word.*
- 2. Rate, or time given to a sentence.*
- 3. Pause, or time between words.*

XLVIII. Law of Quantity, Rate, and Pause. — Light, joyous, animated, genial, exalted, impassioned and vehement language; hate, fear, terror, indignation, and mirth demand a corresponding vivacity of utterance — Short Quantity, Fast Rate, and Short Pause.

Majesty, power, dignity, grandeur, vastness, solemnity, sublimity, adoration, warning, reverence, grief, veneration, horror, awe, deliberation, solemn deliberation, solemn denunciation, melancholy and despair—

being slow-moving emotions — call for Long Quantity, Slow Rate and Long Pause.

XLIX. Law of Poetic Pause.— In poetry or blank verse we should by pauses slightly mark the rhythm and the lines, but not sufficiently to interfere with the grammatical structure or to express too clearly the idea of verse. This is Poetic Pause.

Note — He is a poor reader who observes Poetic Pause in so marked a degree as to employ a sing-song tone, or to so neglect it as to read verse exactly like prose.

Examples where the sense allows a slight marking of the Poetic Pause —

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks and wreathed smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.

"L'Allegro."

Milton.

Softly the moonlight is shed on the lake
Cool is the summer night,— wake! O, awake!
Faintly the curfew is heard from afar,
List ye! O, list to the lively guitar.
Now the wind rises and ruffles the pine,
Ripples foam-crested like diamonds shine,
They flash where the waters the white pebbles lave,
In the wake of the moon as it crosses the wave.

"Serenade."

James G. Percival.

Examples of verse to be rendered much like Prose—

I'm President, Cashier, and Board of quite a wealthy bank,
With none except myself to please— and no one else to
thank,

But nothing makes my heart beat fast— and I am grow-
ing old,

With not a thing to love or leave except this pile of gold.
But I have learned a thing or two: I know as sure as fate,
When we lock up our lives for wealth, the gold key comes
too late;

And that I'm poorer now than through those happy days
in which

I owned a heart, and did not know that I had struck it rich!
" *The Miner's Story.* " *Will Carlton.*

" So Michael the baby had his way,
And hammered and chipped, and would not play
With the simple and senseless sort of toys
That pleased the rest of the village boys.
They laughed at the little churches he
Would daily build at his nurse's knee:
They scouted the pictures that he drew
On the smooth, white slab with a coal or two;
They taunted and teased him when he tried
To mould from the rubbish cast aside
Rude figures, and screamed ' Scultori ! ' when
His bits of marble he shaped like men. "

L. Law of Rhetorical Pauses.— *Rhetorical Pauses, sometimes long and sometimes almost imperceptible, are used to give a clear appreciation of the meaning. They are pauses required by the sense, but not by the grammatical construction, hence are not indicated by marks of punctuation.*

Principles to observe in the use of Rhetorical Pauses.

1. *Separate the logical subject and predicate by a pause, and, when emphatic, the grammatical subject and predicate.*

2. *A pause should usually be made after an emphatic word to fix it firmly in the mind. (Sometimes it occurs just before to arouse expectation, and is then known as the Suspensive Pause.)*

3. *A pause is required when the connection of ideas is not close ; as in parenthetical expressions, transpositions, ellipses, separate and explanatory clauses, etc. ,— also in hesitation and interruptions .*

4. *Abrupt, Long Pauses often accompany Short Quantity and Fast Rate in breathless dramatic expression.*

LI. *Law of Grammatical Pauses.— Grammatical Pauses are indicated by the ordinary marks of punctuation, and are simply to show grammatical structure and relations. The sense must determine whether or not the voice should observe them.*

LII. *Law of Style.— All language must be uttered in its appropriate Style, which may be Conversational, Oratorical, or Dramatic.*

Studies in Pause or Ellipse and the Conversational, Oratorical and Dramatic Styles will be found treated more fully in " The Art of Rendering. "

LIII. Law of Conversational Style.— Simple narration, description and all direct utterance when unemotional must be given in a purely Conversational style with appropriate force, whether read or spoken to few individuals or many.

Examples of Conversational Selections—

AUNT BETSY.

Dear me! When we think of what we might do and don't do— of the opportunities we neglect— we have great cause to reproach ourselves. I'm very, very sorry that youthful levity caused me to refuse the hand of Mr. Melancthon Gypsum when I was a girl. I objected to him because he had warts on his nose, and was cross-eyed. What a silly young creature I was, to be sure! *Such* an opportunity! Why, you know him, dear. It is the Dr. Gypsum who is paying attention to widow Potkins now. He has found five partners to share his labors. Why, you shocking girl! No he's *not* a Mormon. He's had the misfortune to lose five wives. *That's* nothing to smile at I'm sure!

When he proposed to me I was a mere child. He told me he was well aware that no woman's constitution would stand the climate he was going to more than two years. He was then twenty-one, and expected to stay abroad until he was forty, so he would have nine or ten wives at least during his sojourn in that foreign land, and I suppose he thought it was my duty to be the first one. He didn't look for happiness in this wicked world, he said, and he hoped *I* didn't either. But, as I said, I was frivolous at the time. The first Mrs. Gypsum lived two years. I've read her biography. The natives treated her dreadfully. She was just eighteen when she left this world.

Ah! when I called at the parsonage the other day I saw the portraits of Dr. Gypsum's wives, all in a row: Clarisse Gypsum, aged eighteen; Maria Gypsum, aged twenty; Martha Gypsum, aged seventeen (she died on the voyage over); Sarah Gypsum, aged twenty-four, and Amelia Gypsum, who lived to be forty. She was a widow when the Doctor married her, and the only one of his wives that knew how to manage natives. Mr. Gypsum came home one day and found her driving two of 'em about harnessed to a little basket carriage. They thought it was their duty; she'd told 'em 'twas. Mr. Gypsum didn't like it, but *I* think it was right smart of her. don't you?

They fried her in slices at last, I'm told, and offered her to a big stone idol with three noses, that they thought all the world of. All of 'em came to some violent end, but the one that died going over: and two or three of the little babies were carried off, and maybe are worshiping idols now, for all we know about them. Dear me I have seen the biographies of the five wives, all in blue and gold, with a portrait on the first page.

Ah! if I hadn't been so frivolous, mine might have been among 'em. There isn't one so good-looking as I am, and how proud I should have been of it, to be sure. But tha's the way with young girls; they can't see what's best for 'em.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

ALONG THE BEACH.

I will be quiet and talk with you,
And reason why you are wrong.
You wanted my love—is that much true?
And so I did love, so I do:
What has come of it all along?

I took you — how could I otherwise?
For a world to me, and more;
For all, love greatens and glorifies
Till God's a-glow to the loving eyes,
In what was mere earth before.

Yes, earth — yes, mere ignoble earth!
Now do I misstate, mistake?
Do I wrong your weakness and call it worth?
Expect all harvest, dread no dearth,
Seal my sense up for your sake?

O Love, Love, no, Love! not so, indeed
You were just weak earth, I knew:
With much in you waste, with many a weed,
And plenty of passions run to seed,
But a little good grain too.

And such as you were, I took you for mine:
Did not you find me yours,
To watch the olive and wait the vine,
And wonder when rivers of oil and wine
Would flow, as the Book assures?

Well, if none of these good things came,
What did the failure prove?
The man was my whole world, all the same,
With his flowers to praise or his weeds to blame,
And, either or both, to love.

Yet this turns now to a fault — there! there!
That I do love, watch too long,
And wait too well, and weary and wear;
And 'tis all an old story, and my despair
Fit subject for some new song:

“ How the light, light love, he has wings to fly
At suspicion of a bond:
My wisdom has bidden your pleasure good-by,
Which will turn up next in a laughing eye,
And why should you look beyond ? ”

ROBERT BROWNING.

DAVID.

In a quiet old town in the hills of New Hampshire,
Some fifty years since — or it may be three-score —
Lived a preacher beloved and revered by his people,
Who called him “ the Elder ” ; nor need we know more.
Many years he had led them by purest example,
Many years he had fed them with precepts divine ;
Had married and buried, baptized and befriended ;
Had broken the bread and poured out the wine.
So peaceful his life and so healthful his habits,
Though sixty, he yet was as straight as a mast,
His cheeks like red apples, his laugh ever ready,
His hair slick and glossy, though silvering fast.
His girls were all married and settled around him,
With husbands and children and cares of their own ;
His sons too had left him for business and college,
And he and his wife were now living alone.
Alone ; yes, and lonely for lack of the children ;
The house was so still it was fairly forlorn ;
He found the hours heavy when weary of study,
When all chopped was the wood and all hoed was the
corn .
His wife had grown feeble, and seldom went with him
In the heavy-topped chaise to make calls on the sheep,
But in warm afternoons, when her house was in order,
Would retire to the bedroom and there fall asleep.

The Elder, deserted, one day fell a-thinking
Of David of old, who, when *his* plans went wrong,
Could solace his sorrows, forget all his trials,
By the aid of sweet music, with harp and with song.
“O, could I but do likewise,” the good man reflected,
“How swiftly, how smoothly these moments would
glide!

The complaints of my deacons, the lack of my children,
The advances of age, I could then well abide.
But alas for the harp! for I never yet saw one;
And alas for the songs! for I never could rhyme.
A jew’s-harp I’ve mastered, but that can’t content me.
O David, what *would* you have played in my time?
My people would laugh if I bought me a fiddle;
To flute and bass viol I do not incline;
Too old are my fingers to play on a spinet,
Nor could I afford one. I must not repine.”

So he stifled his longings and almost forgot them,
Till one day to the city on business he went;
And while threading its mazes, confused by its tumult,
“What sweet sounds are these with its clamor now
blent?”

Smile not at the rustical ear of the Elder.
“’Tis only a hand-organ,” answered his son
And the old man passed on, but his pulses were leaping,
And before he went home he had bought himself one
Of the best German make, with three separate barrels,
And each barrel played for him ten distinct airs
Just by turning the handle. O blessed invention!
He felt it an answer direct to his prayers.
No day was now long, and no labor seemed tedious,
With this fountain of melody ever at hand
To pour forth its treasures of soothing refreshment—
An oasis of joy in a dull, prosy land.

As it made his wife nervous, 't was kept in the garret
(In the rose of his joy this had been the sole thorn);
And there, all alone in the brown raftered chamber,
'Mid festoons of dried apple, of sage, and seed-corn,
The Elder would sit, when his day's work was over,
With a smile on his face as he ground out the air,
While the long dusky sunbeams streamed in the west
window,
Gently touched his broad shoulders and crowned his
white hair.

'T was thus he was seen unawares by Miss Kitty,
A sweet city maiden betrothed to his son,
Who, spending a week on the farm of his daughter,
Strolled over to call on the parents of John.
'T was a day in mid-June, and the old-fashioned roses,
Deep red and pure white, were in bloom round
the door,
Which stood frankly open, the cat on the threshold,
And a gray braided mat to protect the white floor.
Most welcome the coolness and shade of the kitchen:
But where was the Elder and where was the dame?
Profound was the stillness, save pussy's soft purring,
And a similar sound from the bedroom that came.
Light tiptoed the maiden through kitchen, past bedroom,
To the sitting-room study. No Elder was there.
But hark! A sweet sound is now heard in the distance.
Bewildered, she follows it, climbs the steep stair,
Then gropes her way onward through darkened
guest-chambers,
And climbs to the garret, still led by the sound.
'T is her favorite waltz! " Now surely I'm dreaming!"
Exclaims pretty Kitty in wonder profound.
At the top of the stair she peeps cautiously round her,
Half screened by blue " comforters " hung on a line;

And there sat the blessed old saint at his organ,
Grinding out dancing music in rapture divine
Do you think Kitty laughed as she stood there beholding
The simple old man by his organ beguiled,
The foreground of blankets, herbs, andirons, and apples,
And the clumsy old cradle that held John, a child?
No; she listened in silence, bright tears on her lashes,
Till he ceased. Then she crept unsuspected away,
And a new love for John and his gentle old father
Seemed to grow in her heart from the scene of that day.

LAURA D. NICHOLS.

THE MILL.

Don't you remember, Lill,
The mill by the old hill side,
Where we used to go in the summer days
And watch the foamy tide?
And throw the leaves of the rocking beech
On its surface smooth, and bright;
When they'd float away like emeralds,
In a flood of golden light?

And the miller, Lill, with his slouchy cap,
And eyes of mildest grey;
Plodding about his dusty work,
Singing the livelong day,
And the coat that hung on the rusty nail,
With many a motley patch,
By the rude old door, with broken sill,
And string and wooden latch.

And the water-wheel, with its giant arms
Dashing the beaded spray,
And pulling the weeds from the sand below,

That it tossed in scorn away.
The sleepers, too, bearded and old,
Frowning over the tide;
Defying the waves, while the chinks of Time
Were made in the old mill's side.

Well, Lill, the mill is torn away,
And a factory, dark and high,
Looms like a tower, and puffs its smoke
Over the clear blue sky.
And the stream is turned away, above —
The bed of the river is bare;
The beech is withered, bough and trunk,
And stands like a spectre there.

The miller, too has gone to rest; —
He sleeps in the vale below;
They made his grave in the winter time,
Down where the willows grow.
But now the boughs are green again,
And the winds are soft and still;
I send you a sprig, to mind you, Lill,
Of me, and the rude old mill.

M. ELVA WOOD.

CHILD AND BOATMAN.

" Martin, I wonder who makes all the songs. "

" You do, sir? "

" Yes, I wonder how they come. "

" Well, boy, I wonder what you'll wonder next! "

" But somebody must make them? "

" Sure enough. "

" Does your wife know? "

" She never said she did. "

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" You told me that she knew so many things. "

" I said that she was a London woman, sir,
And a fine scholar, but I never said
She knew about the songs. "

" I wish she did. "

" And I wish no such thing; she knows enough,
She knows too much already. Look you now,
This vessel's off the stocks, a tidy craft. "

" A schooner, Martin ? "

" No, boy, no : a brig,

Only she's schooner-rigged, — a lovely craft. "

" Is she for me ? O, thank you, Martin dear.

What shall I call her ? "

" Well, sir, what you please. "

" Then write on her ' The Eagle. ' "

" Bless the child !

Eagle ! why, you know naught of eagles, you.

When we lay off the coast, up Canada way,
And chanced to be ashore when twilight fell,
That was the place for eagles; bald they were,
With eyes as yellow as gold, "

" O, Martin, dear,

Tell me about them. "

" Tell ! there's naught to tell,

Only they snored o' nights and frightened us. "

" Snored ? "

" Ay, I tell you, snored ; they slept upright

In the great oaks by scores ; as true as time

I'd had aught upon my mind just then,
I wouldn't have walked that wood for unknown gold;
It was most awful. When the moon was full,
I've seen them fish at night, in the middle watch,
When she got low I've seen them plunge like stones,
And come up fighting with a fish as long,

Ay, longer than my arm ; and they would sail —
When they had struck its life out — they would sail
Over the deck, and show their fell, fierce eyes,
And croon for pleasure, hug the prey, and speed
Grand as a frigate on the wind. ”

“ My ship,
She must be called ‘ The Eagle ’ after these.
And, Martin, ask your wife about the songs
When you go in at dinner-time. ”

“ Not I. ”

JEAN INGELow

THE WANDERINGS OF A STAR.

We reached Albany at 9 o'clock, and waited, inconveniently, till half-past ten, for the night express-train to start. We took a lonely walk along the streets, saw men as if they had been trees, looked upon glittering windows as a vain show, and speculated upon the sensations of a man in the midst of all the impulses of busy life but not affected by them, walking unmoved amid things which move others.

As the hour drew near for starting, we hastened back to the cars, took possession of the whole seat, meditating methods of extracting sleep out of a long night-ride. Every one seemed doing the same thing, namely, keeping people out of their seats.

We left Albany at half-past ten o'clock. At about 11 the hum of conversation died away. Every one was busy with the unnatural problem of sleep. In the cars, stretching one's self out for balmy sleep, means, curling one's self up like a cat in a corner. Short limbs are a luxury when a man sleeps by the square inch. First, you lie down by the right side, against the window, till a stitch in your side, worming its way through your uneasy dream, like an awl

leads you to reverse your position. As you lean on the inside end of your seat, the conductor knocks your hat off or uses your head as a support to his steps as he sways along the rocking passage. At length, with a groan which expresses the very feeling of every bone and muscle and individual organ in your body, you try to sit upright, and to sleep erect. But erect sleep is perilous, even when it is possible. You nod and pitch, you collapse and condense, and finally settle down in a promiscuous heap, wishing that you were a squirrel, or a kitten, and curiously remembering dogs that could convolute on a mat, and birds that could tuck their head under their wings, and draw their feet and legs up under their feathers. O! that I were round like a marble, and could be rid of protruding members! But such slumberous philosophy and somnolent yearnings for circular shapes die out as you sink again into a lethargy, until the scream of the whistle, the grinding of the brakes, the concussions and jerks, arouse you to the fact that you are stopping to wood and water, and that some surely insane person has come in at this station, and wishes a part of your seat! "No, sir! I am a sovereign squatter here, I claim a pre-emption right. I have staked off this seat, and after all I have suffered, shall not give it up to anybody." So the wheezing obesity, at least 300 avoirdupois, goes on. A faint smile plays on my lips to think what a time somebody will have who takes that continent of flesh into his seat; for, in his despair, he will soon plunge into somebody's seat, like an oversetting load of hay.

But the incomers walk disconsolately along, examining each side for a spot. It is quite easy to defend yourself against the pert and knowing. But that poor, pale, faint-looking woman, carrying a sleeping babe, that fears to disturb any one, — "Here, madam, sit down here — room enough — sit down, if you please." "But I fear, sir, I

shall, with my babe — ” “ No, madam — no trouble — not if there were ten more children. ” Poor little thing, it sleeps amidst the night, and all this inconvenience and weariness of trouble, as a sea-bird sleeps in some grassy cove, on the swing of the black waters. By and by, you shall not sleep so. You shall grow up to bear your own troubles, and the storms that blow shall not be broken by a mother’s bosom, but strike right into your own.

You offer a part of your shawl; you insist that the child shall be divided, or the care of it, and by a quiet way you gradually get the little fellow wholly into your own lap and press him to your heart, and drop down tears on him God knows why! How it rests you to feel his sweet burdensomeness. The mother knows her child’s safety, and drops asleep. It is a face with which sorrow has been busy. But you ask no questions. About three in the morning she leaves. You carry the child, and give it to her; and as she turns and disappears into the somber-gray night, you hear the little fellow’s voice chirruping, like a bird’s startled note, as it dreams in the still night, and speaks in its sleep from out of leaves and darkness.

You return, and look for a moment at the grotesque appearance of a car full of sleeping and sleepless wretches. By contrast everybody looks ten times sleepier than before, after you have looked at them. At length, the long nightmare wears itself out. Color begins to come into the cheeks of the morning. The air smells fresher. The birds are seen, and might be heard, if the huge Bird of Speed that whirls you along were not so noisy.

At length, about two o’clock we reached Buffalo, tired, dusty, and eminently patient. Amid sentiments, high-soaring thoughts, and back-reaching remembrances and affections, there arose stern thoughts of dinner.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

LIV. Law of Oratorical Style.— Bold, earnest language accompanied by an active undercurrent of feeling, whether in reading, speaking or conversation, requires an Oratorical Style, marked by round, full tones, heavy force, prevailing monotone and much fervor.

Examples of Oratorical Selections—

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation or any nation, so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. But, in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far beyond our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom,

and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BACK FROM THE WAR.

I never realized what this country was and is as on the day when I first saw some of these brave men of the Army and Navy. It was when, at the close of the war, our armies came back, and marched in review before the President's stand at Washington. I do not care whether a man was a Republican or Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man; if he had any emotion of nature, he could not look upon it without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and he cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and sprung the blue sky as a triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge and in almost interminable line passed over. The Capitol never looked so majestic as that morning, snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions, brigade after brigade, division, after division, rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp — thousands after thousands, battery front, arms shouldered, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril.

Commanders on horses whose manes were intertwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultuous vociferation of the hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes, crying *Huzza! Huzza!* Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon-wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried. These men came from the balmy Minnesota; those from Illinois prairies. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon; those were New England lumbermen. Those came out of the coal-shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg, in lines that seemed infinite, they passed on. We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come; but no! Looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, coming as it were from under the Capitol. Forward! Forward! Their bayonets, caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed one long river of silver, ever and anon changing into a river of fire. No end to the procession, no rest for the eyes. But hush, uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on, and wring their hands. But wheel into line, all ye people! North, South, East, West — all decades, all centuries, all millenniums! Forward, the whole line.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

THE ANTIQUITY OF FREEDOM .

Here are old trees, tall oaks and gnarled pines,
That stream with gray-green mosses ; here the ground
Was never trenched by spade, and flowers sprang up
Unsown, and die ungathered. It is sweet
To linger here, among the flitting birds,
And leaping squirrels, wandering brooks, and winds
That shake the leaves, and scatter, as they pass,
A fragrance from the cedars, thickly set
With pale blue berries. In these peaceful shades—
Peaceful, unpruned, immeasurably old—
My thoughts go up the long dim path of years,
Back to the earliest days of liberty .

Oh FREEDOM ! thou art not, as poets dream,
A fair young girl, with light and delicate limbs,
And wavy tresses gushing from the cap
With which the Roman master crowned his slave
When he took off the gyves. A bearded man,
Armed to the teeth, art thou ; one mailed hand
Grasps the broad shield, and one the sword ; thy brow,
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars ; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee ;
They could not quench the life thou hast from heaven,
Merciless power has dug thy dungeon deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain ; yet, while he deems thee bound.
The links are shivered, and the prison walls
Fall outward : terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies .

Thy birthright was not given by human hands;
Thou wert twin-born with man. In pleasant fields,
While yet our race was few, thou sat'st with him,
To tend the quiet flock and watch the stars,
And teach the reed to utter simple airs.
Thou by his side, amid the tangled wood,
Didst war upon the panther and the wolf,
His only foes; and thou with him didst draw
The earliest furrows on the mountain side,
Soft with the deluge. Tyranny himself,
Thy enemy, although of reverend look,
Hoary with many years, and far obeyed,
Is later born than thou; and as he meets
The grave defiance of thine elder eye,
The usurper trembles in his fastnesses.

Thou shalt wax stronger with the lapse of years,
But he shall fade into a feeblar age;
Feebler, yet subtle. He shall weave his snares,
And spring them on thy careless steps, and clap
His withered hands, and from their ambush call
His hordes to fall upon thee. He shall send
Quaint maskers, forms of fair and gallant mien,
To catch thy gaze, and uttering graceful words
To charm thy ear; while his sly imps, by stealth,
Twine round thee threads of steel, light thread on
thread,
That grow to fetters; or bind down thine arms
With chains concealed in chaplets. Oh! not yet
May'st thou unbrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword; nor yet, O Freedom! close thy lids
In slumber: for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven. But wouldst thou rest

Awhile from tumult and the frauds of men,
These old and friendly solitudes invite
Thy visit. They, while yet the forest trees
Were young upon the unviolated earth,
And yet the moss-stains on the rock were new,
Beheld thy glorious childhood, and rejoiced.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE MEN OF ATHENS.

Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, "TO THE UNKNOWN GOD." Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship him declare I unto you.

God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed any thing, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, for we also are his offspring.

Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto god, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent: because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

THE BLESSINGS OF PEACE.

Peace is the grand Christian charity, the fountain and parent of all other charities. Let peace be removed, and all other charities sicken and die. Let peace exert her glad-some sway, and all other charities quicken into celestial life. Peace is a distinctive promise and possession of Christianity. So much is this the case, that, where peace is not, Christianity cannot be.

There is nothing elevated which is not exalted by peace. There is nothing valuable, which does not contribute to peace.

Of Wisdom herself it has been said, that all her ways are pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Peace has ever been the longing and aspiration of the noblest souls—whether for themselves or for their country.

In bitterness of exile, away from the Florence which he has immortalized by his divine poem, pacing the cloisters of a convent, in response to the inquiry of the monk,—“What do you seek?” Dante said, in words distilled from his heart, “Peace! Peace!” In the memorable English struggle, when King and Parliament were rending the land, a gallant supporter of the monarchy, the chivalrous Falkland, touched by the intolerable woes of war, cried in words which consecrate his memory more than any feat of arms, “Peace! Peace! Peace!”

Not in aspiration only, but in benediction, is this word uttered. As the apostle went forth on his errand, as the son left his father’s roof, the choicest blessing was,—“Peace be with you!” As the Savior was born, angels from Heaven, amidst quiring melodies, let fall that supreme benediction, never before vouchsafed to the children of the human family,—*Peace on earth and good-will toward men.*

CHARLES SUMNER

LV. Law of Dramatic Style.— In language of violent emotion and passion, the tone and manner are controlled by that passion, and the speaker is, as it were, swept onward in his utterance by the power which has paralyzed his will. This is the Dramatic Style.

Note.— Fervor added to the Conversational gives the Oratorical ; passion added gives the Dramatic.

Examples of Dramatic Selections—

THE UNCLE.

I had an uncle once — a man
Of threescore years and three ;—
And when my reason's dawn began,
He'd take me on his knee ;
And often talk, whole winter nights,
Things that seemed strange to me .

He was a man of gloomy mood,
And few his converse sought ;
But, it was said, in solitude
His conscience with him wrought ;
And there, before his mental eye,
Some hideous vision brought .

There was not one in all the house
Who did not fear his frown,
Save I, a little careless child,
Who gamboled up and down,
And often peeped into his room,
And plucked him by the gown .

I was an orphan and alone,—
My father was his brother,
And all their lives I knew that they
Had fondly loved each other;
And in my uncle's room there hung
The picture of my mother.

There was a curtain over it,—
'Twas in a darkened place,
And few or none had ever looked
Upon my mother's face,
Or seen her pale expressive smile
Of melancholy grace.

One night— I do remember well,
The wind was howling high,
And through the ancient corridors
It sounded drearily —
I sat and read in that old hall:
My uncle sat close by.

I read — but little understood
The words upon the book ;
For with a sidelong glance I marked
My uncle's fearful look,
And saw how all his quivering frame
In strong convulsions shook .

A silent terror o'er me stole,
A strange, unusual dread ;
His lips were white as bone — his eyes
Sunk far down in his head ;
He gazed on me, but 'twas the gaze
Of the unconscious dead.

Then suddenly he turned him round,

And drew aside the veil
That hung before my mother's face;
Perchance my eyes might fail,
But ne'er before that face to me
Had seemed so ghastly pale.

"Come hither, boy!" My uncle said,—
I started at the sound;
'Twas choked and stifled in his throat,
And hardly utterance found:—
"Come hither, boy!" then fearfully
He cast his eyes around.

"That lady was thy mother, once,
Thou wert her only child:
O God! I've seen her when she held
Thee in her arms and smiled,—
She smiled upon thy father, boy,
'Twas that which drove me wild!

He was my brother, but his form
Was fairer far than mine;
I grudged not that;— he was the prop
Of our ancestral line,
And manly beauty was of him
A token and a sign.

Boy, I loved her too,— nay, more,
'Twas I who loved her first;
For months—for years—the golden thought
Within my soul was nursed;
He came—he conquered—they were wed—
My air-blown bubble burst!

Then on my mind a shadow fell,
And evil hopes grew rife;

The damning thought stuck in my heart,
And cut me like a knife,
That she, whom all my days I loved
Should be another's wife !

By heaven ! it was a fearful thing
To see my brother now,
And mark the placid calm that sat
Forever on his brow,
That seemed in bitter scorn to say,
' I am more loved than thou ! '

I left my home — I left the land —
I crossed the raging sea ;—
In vain — in vain — where'er I turned,
My memory went with me ;—
My whole existence, night and day,
In memory seemed to be .

I came again — I found them here —
Thou'rt like thy father, boy —
He doted on that pale face there,
I've seen them kiss and toy, —
I've seen him locked in her fond arms,
Wrapped in delirious joy !

He disappeared — draw nearer child ; -
He died — no one knew how ;
The murdered body ne'er was found,
The tale is hushed up now ;
But there was one who rightly guessed
The hand that struck the blow .

It drove her mad — yet not his death .
No — not his death alone :
For she had clung to hope, when all
Knew well that there was none ;—

No, boy, it was a sight she saw
That froze her into stone !

I am thy uncle, child, — why stare
So frightfully aghast ? —
The arras waves, but know'st thou not
'Tis nothing but the blast ?
I, too, have had my fears like these,
But such vain fears are past.

I'll show thee what thy mother saw, —
I feel 'twill ease my breast,
And this wild tempest-laden night
Suits with the purpose best ; —
Come hither — thou hast often sought
To open this old chest.

It has a secret spring ; the touch
Is known to me alone ;
Slowly the lid is raised, and now —
What see you that you groan
So heavily ? — That thing is but
A bare-ribbed skeleton . ”

A sudden crash — the lid fell down,
Three strides he backward gave, —
“ Oh God ! it is my brother's self
Returning from the grave !
His grasp of lead is on my throat,
, Will no one help or save ? ”

That night they laid him on his bed,
In raving madness tossed ;
He gnashed his teeth, and with wild oaths
Blasphemed the Holy Ghost ;

And, ere the light of morning broke,
A sinner's soul was lost.

A. GRAHAM BELL.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

Soon as her lover to the war had gone,
Without or tears or commonplace despair,
Irene de Grandfief reassumed the garb
That at the convent she had worn—black dress
With narrow pelerine—and the small cross
In silver at her breast. Her piano closed,
Her jewels put away—all save one ring,
Gift of the Viscount Roger on that eve
In the past spring-time when they had parted
Bidding farewell, and from Irene's brow
Culling one silken tress, that he might wear it
In a gold medallion close upon his heart.

In the ranks
He took a private's place. What that war was
Too well is known.
Days came and went till weeks wore into months.
Still she held back her rebel tears, and bravely strove
To live debarred of tidings.

Then came the siege of Paris—hideous time!
Spreading through France as gangrene spreads,
Invasion drew near Irene's chateau.
Roger at Metz was with his regiment safe,
And at last date unwounded. He was living;
He must be living; she was sure of that.
Counting her beads, she waited, waited on.
Wakened, one morning, with a start, she heard
In the far copses of the park shots fired
In quick succession.

It had indeed
Been a mere skirmish—that, and nothing more.

“ ‘Twould be well, ”
Remarked Irene, “ that an ambulance
Were posted here. ”

In fact, they had picked up
Just at that moment, where the fight had been,
A wounded officer—Bavarian he—
Shot through the neck.

And when they brought him in,
That tall young man, all pale, eyes closed and bleeding,
Irene commanded he be borne
Into the room by Roger occupied
When he came wooing there. Then while they put
The wounded man to bed, she carried out
Herself his vest and cloak all stained with blood ;
Bade the old valet wear an air less glum,
And stir himself with more alacrity ;
And when the doctor dressed the wound, lent aid,
As of the Sisterhood of Charity,
With her own hands. The officer at last,
Wonder and gratitude upon his face,
Sank down among the pillows deftly laid as one asleep.

Evening came,
Bringing the doctor. When he saw his patient,
A strange expression flitted o'er his face,
As to himself he muttered: “ Yes, flushed cheek;
Pulse beating much too high. Phew! a bad night;
Fever, delirium, and the rest that follows! ”—
“ But will he die? ” with tremor on her lip
Irene asked.

“ Who knows? If possible,
We must arrest the fever. This prescription

Oft succeeds. But some one must take note
Of the oncoming fits ; must watch till morn,
And tend him closely . ”

“ Doctor, I am here . ”

“ Not you, young lady ! Service such as this
One of your valets can — ”

“ No, doctor, no !

Roger perchance may be a prisoner yonder,
Hurt, ill . If he such tending should require
As does this officer, I would he had
A gentle lady for his nurse . ”

“ So be it .

You will keep watch, then, through the night .

The fever

Must not take hold, or he will straightway die.
Give him the potion four times every hour .
I will return to judge of its effects
At daylight . ” Then he went his way .

Scarcely a minute had she been in charge
When the Bavarian, to Irene turning, said,
“ This doctor thought I was asleep ;
But I heard every word . I thank you, lady ;
I thank you from my very inmost heart—
Less for myself than for her sake, to whom
You would restore me, and who there at home
Awaits me . ”

“ Hush ! Sleep if you can .

Do not excite yourself . Your life depends
On perfect quiet . ”

“ No, no !

I must at once unload me of a secret
That weighs upon me . I a promise made ;
And I would keep it . Death may be at hand . ”

"Speak, then," Irene said, "and ease your soul."
 "It was last month, by Metz; 'twas my ill fate
 To kill a Frenchman."

She turned pale and lowered
 The lamp-light to conceal it. He continued:
 "We were sent forward to surprise a cottage.
 I drove my sabre
 Into the soldier's back who sentry stood
 Before the door. He fell; nor gave the alarm.
 We took the cottage, putting to the sword
 Every soul there.

Disgusted with such carnage,
 Loathing such scene, I stepped into the air;
 Just then the moon broke through the clouds
 and showed me
 There at my feet a soldier on the ground. 'Twas he,
 The sentry whom my sabre had transpierced.
 I stooped, to offer him a helping hand;
 But, with a choked voice, 'It is too late,' he said.
 'I must needs die. . . . You are an officer—
 Promise—only promise
 To forward this,' he said, his fingers clutching
 A gold medallion hanging at his breast,
 'To—' Then his latest thought
 Passed with his latest breath. The loved one's name,
 Mistress or bride affianced, was not told
 By that poor Frenchman. Seeing blazoned arms
 On the medallion, I took charge of it,
 Hoping to trace her at some future day
 Among the old nobility of France,
 To whom reverts the dying soldier's gift.
 Here it is. Take it. But, I pray you, swear
 That, if death spares me not, you will fulfill
 This pious duty in my place."

Therewith

He the medallion handed her; and on it
Irene saw the Viscount Roger's blazoned arms.
"I swear it, sir!" she murmured. "Sleep in peace!"

Solaced by having this disclosure made,
The wounded man sank down in sleep. Irene,
Her bosom heaving, and with eyes aflame
Though tearless all, stood rooted by his side.
"Yes, he is dead, my lover! These his arms;
His blazon this; the very blood-stains his!

Struck from behind,

Without or cry or call for comrades' help,
Roger was murdered. And there, sleeping, lies
The man who murdered him! Yes, he has boasted
How in the back the traitorous blow was dealt.
And now he sleeps with drowsiness oppressed,
Roger's assassin; and 'twas I, Irene,
Who bade him sleep in peace! O
With what cruel mockery, cruel and supreme—
Must I give him tendance here,
By this couch watch till dawn of day,
As loving mother by a suffering child!
So that he die not!

And there the flask upon the table stands
Charged with his life. He waits it! Is not this
Beyond imagination horrible?

Oh, away! such point

Forbearance reaches not. What!—while it glitters
There in sheath, the very sword
Wherewith the murderer struck the blow.
Fierce impulse bids it from the scabbard leap—
Shall I, in deference
To some fantastic notion that affects

Human respect and duty, shall I put
 Repose and sleep and antidote and life
 Into the horrible hand by which all joy
 Is ravished from me? Never! I will break
 The assuaging flask, But no! 'Twere
 needless that.

I need but leave to Fate to work the end.
 Fate, to avenge me, seems to be at one
 With my resolve. 'Twere but to let him die!
 Yes, there the life-preserving potion stands;
 But for one hour might I not fall asleep?
 Infamy!"

And still the struggle lasted, till the German,
 Roused by her deep groans from his wandering
 dreams,
 Moved, ill at ease, and feverish, begged for drink.

Up toward the antique Christ in ivory
 At the bed's head suspended on the wall
 Irene raised the martyr's look sublime;
 Then, ashen pale, but ever with her eyes
 Turned to the God of Calvary, poured out
 The soothing draught, and with a delicate hand
 Gave to the wounded man the drink he asked.
 And so wore on the laggard, pitiless hours.
 But when the doctor in the morning came,
 And saw her still beside the officer,
 Tending him and giving him his drink
 With trembling fingers, he was much amazed
 To see that through the dreary watches of the night,
 The raven locks that crowned her fair young brow at
 Set of sun, by morning's dawn had turned to
 snowy white.

FRANCOIS COPPÉE.

THE MONSTER CANNON.

They heard a noise unlike anything usually heard. The cry and the noise came from inside the vessel. One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four pounder, had become detached.

This, perhaps, is the most formidable of ocean events. Nothing more terrible can happen to a war vessel, at sea and under full sail. A cannon which breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable, supernatural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass runs on its wheels, like billiard-balls, inclines with the rolling, plunges with the pitching, goes, comes, stops, seems to meditate, resumes its course, shoots from one end of the ship to the other like an arrow, whirls, steals away, evades, prances, strikes, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a ram which capriciously assails a wall. Add this — the ram is of iron, the wall is of wood. This furious bulk has the leaps of the panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the pertinacity of the axe, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the silence of the sepulchre. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its whirlings are suddenly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How shall an end be put to this? A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind goes down, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a fire put out; but what shall be done with this enormous brute of bronze? How try to secure it? You can reason with a bull-dog, astonish a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; no resource with such a monster as a loose cannon. You cannot kill it: it is dead; and at the same time it lives with a sinister life which comes from the infinite. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the

wind. This exterminator is a plaything. The horrible cannon struggles, advances, retreats, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts expectation, grinds obstacles, crushes men like flies.

The carronade, hurled by the pitching, made havoc in the group of men, crushing four at the first blow; then receding and brought back by the rolling, it cuts a fifth unfortunate man in two, and dashes against the larboard side a piece of the battery which it dismounted. Thence came the cry of distress which had been heard. All the men rushed towards the ladder. The battery was emptied in a twinkling of an eye.

The captain and lieutenant, although both intrepid men, had halted at the head of the ladder, and, dumb, pale, hesitating, looked down into the lower deck. Some one pushed them to one side with his elbow and descended. It was an old man, a passenger. Once at the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

Hither and thither along the lower deck came the cannon. One might have thought it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The four wheels passed and repassed over the dead men, cutting, carving, slashing them, and of the five corpses made twenty fragments which rolled across the battery; the lifeless heads seemed to cry out; streams of blood wreathed on the floor following the rolling of the ship.

The ceiling, damaged in several places, commenced to open a little. All the vessel was filled with a monstrous noise.

The captain promptly gained his presence of mind, and caused to be thrown into the lower deck all that could allay and fetter the unbridled course of the cannon,—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, rolls of cordage, bags of equipments, and bales of counterfeit assignats, of which the corvette had a full cargo. But of what avail these rags? Nobody daring to go down and place them

properly, in a few minutes they were lint.

There was just sea enough to make the accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have been desirable; it might have thrown the cannon upside down, and, once the four wheels were in the air, it could have been mastered. As it was, the havoc increased. There were chafings and even fractures in the masts, which, jointed into the frame of the keel, go through the floors of vessels and are like great round pillars. Under the convulsive blows of the cannon, the foremost had cracked, the mainmast itself was cut. The battery was disjointed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were *hors de combat*; the breaches in the sides multiplied, and the corvette commenced to take in water.

The old passenger who had gone down to the lower deck seemed a man of stone at the bottom of the ladder. He cast a severe look on the devastation. He did not stir. It seemed impossible to take a step in the battery.

They must perish, or cut short the disaster; something must be done, but what? What a combatant that caronade was! That frightful maniac must be stopped. That lightning must be averted. That thunder-bolt must be conquered.

The captain said to the lieutenant, "Do you believe in God, Chevalier?"

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In the tempest?"

"Yes, and in moments like these."

"In reality God only can rid us of this trouble."

All were hushed, leaving the cannon to do its horrible work. Outside, the billows beating the vessel answered the blows of the cannon. It was like two hammers alternating. All of a sudden, in that kind of unapproachable circuit wherein the escaped cannon bounded, a man appeared, with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author

of the catastrophe, the chief gunner, guilty of negligence and the cause of the accident, the master of the carronade. Having done the harm, he wished to repair it. He had grasped a handspike in one hand, some gun-tackle with a slip-knot in the other, and jumped upon the lower deck.

Then a wild exploit commenced ; a Titanic spectacle; the combat of the gun with the gunner ; the battle of matter and intelligence ; the duel of the animate and the inanimate.

The man had posted himself in a corner, and with his bar and rope in his two fists, leaning against one of the riders standing firmly on his legs which seemed like two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, as though rooted to the floor, he waited.

He was waiting for the cannon to pass near him. The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that it must know him. He had lived for some time with it. How many times he had thrust his hand into its jaws ! It was his tamed monster. He commenced talking to it as he would to his dog.

"Come," said he. He loved it, maybe. He seemed to wish that it would come towards him. But to come towards him would be to come upon him. And then he was lost. How avoid the crush ? That was the question. All looked upon the scene, terrified. Not a breast breathed freely, except, perhaps, that of the old man who alone was on the lower deck with the two combatants, a sinister witness. He might himself be crushed by the piece. He stirred not. Under them the blinded sea directed the combat.

At the moment when, accepting this dreadful hand-to-hand encounter, the gunner challenged the cannon, a chance rolling of the sea kept it immovable as if stupefied.

"Come then !" said the man. It seemed to listen. Suddenly it jumped towards him. The man escaped the shock. The struggle began. A struggle unheard of.

The fragile wrestling with the invulnerable. The monster of flesh attacking the brazen beast. On one side force, on the other a soul. All this was passing in a shadow. It was like the indistinct vision of a prodigy.

A soul! a strange thing! one would have thought the cannon had one also, but a soul of hate and rage. This sightless thing seemed to have eyes. The monster appeared to watch the man. There was — one would have thought so at least — cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It was a kind of gigantic insect of iron, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon. At times, this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the battery, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger on its four claws, and commence again to dart upon the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, writhed like an adder in guarding against all these lightning-like movements. He avoided encounters, but the blows he shunned were received by the vessel, and continued to demolish it.

An end of broken chain had remained hanging to the carronade. One end of it was fastened to the carriage. The other, free, turned desperately round the cannon and exaggerated all its shocks. The chain, multiplying the blows of the ram by its lashings, caused a terrible whirl around the cannon, — an iron whip in a fist of brass, — and complicated the combat.

Yet the man struggled. At times, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon; he crouched along the side holding his bar and his rope; and the cannon seemed to understand, and, as though divining a snare, fled. The man, formidable, pursued it.

Such things cannot last long. The cannon seemed to say all at once — “Come! there must be an end to this!” and it stopped. The approach of the denouement was felt. The cannon, as in suspense, seemed to have, or did have, —

because to all it was like a living thing,— a ferocious premeditation. Suddenly, it precipitated itself on the gunner. The gunner drew to one side, let it pass, and called to it, laughing— “ Try again . ” The cannon, as though furious, broke a carronade to larboard ; then, seized again by the invisible sling which held it, bounded to starboard toward the man, who escaped . Three carronades sunk down under the pressure of the cannon ; then as though blind, and knowing no longer what it was doing, it turned its back to the man, rolled backward and forward, put the stem out of order, and made a breach in the wall of the prow. The man had taken refuge at the foot of the ladder, a few steps from the old man who was present. The gunner held his handspike at rest . The cannon seemed to perceive him, and without taking the trouble to turn around, fell back on the man with the promptness of an axe-stroke. The man if driven against the side was lost. All the crew gave a cry . But the old passenger, till then immovable, sprang forward, more rapidly than all those wild rapidities . He had seized a bale of false assignats, and, at the risk of being crushed, he had succeeded in throwing it between the wheels of the cannon . This decisive and perilous movement could not have been executed with more promptness and precision by a man accustomed to all the manœuvres of gunnery . The bale had the effect of a plug . A pebble stops a bulk ; a branch of a tree diverts an avalanche . The cannon stumbled . The gunner in his turn, taking advantage of this terrible juncture, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon had stopped . It was finished . The man had vanquished . The ant had subdued the mastodon ; the pigmy had made a prisoner of the thunderbolt.

VICTOR HUGO.

LVI. Law of Analysis.— The reader should at a glance take in the thought, mentally analyze it, clothe it with reality by an earnest manner, vitalize it by a proper use of Initial Stress, dignify it by attention to Quantity, and place it before the hearer, thought by thought— not word by word.

LVII. Law of Emphasis.— Upon the following classes of words, emphasis should be employed:

1. Words expressing the prominent idea.
2. Words to which particular attention is directed.
3. Words in real or implied contrast.
4. Words opposed to or contra-distinguished from each other.
5. Exclamations and interjections.
6. When words follow one another in a series of ideas or objects, each should receive greater emphasis than the preceeding.

Note.— Emphasis consists in any change from the prevailing Quantity, Pitch, Force or Time, and must be determined by the sentiment.

LVIII. Law of Grouping.— In reading, particularly, each idea should be treated in a manner corresponding to its value. Sentences are often made up of one great truth, several unimportant statements, a qualifying clause, explanations, a condition, and several connectives. To give all these elements equal prominence would be absurd.

Group the explanations, etc. by themselves. Give the one prominent thought greatest force, the subordinate clauses their due, and the mere connectives only slight utterance.

Note.— The relative value of words in a sentence may be illustrated by a handful of coins. A cent, though of little value as compared with the larger pieces, may be indispensable in making up the sum. So many words in a sentence, while absolutely necessary to the meaning, are simply “cents” in value and should be so regarded in the reading.

LIX. Law of Imitative Modulation.— The sound of many words is in a greater or less degree an index to the sense. Thought is often more clearly expressed by attention to this fact, and by applying that peculiar intonation that will most vividly express the meaning.

Note 1.— This is termed “Word Individuality,” “Sound to Sense,” “Play upon Words,” “Expressive Intonation” and “Suggestive Quality.”

Note 2.— In very serious discourse the judgment will determine whether suggestive intonation can be applied without detracting from the solemnity of the thought.

Note 3 — See Wallis's List of Derivatives, Fenno's Elocution, Page 90.

LX. Law of Economy.— To promote purity of tone and ease of utterance, the speaker should, except when

the Aspirate Quality is desired, inhale at rhetorical pauses only, sustain the voice to the close, and aim at almost complete vocalization of breath.

LXI. Law of Transition.— By mechanical drill on the Elements of Modulation the power should be acquired of suddenly passing from one form of utterance to another, as from a light gentle tone with rapid rate to a measured heavy tone of great Volume.

Note.— In Transition or change from one condition of the thought to another the mind should lead and the voice and action follow after with the expression.

Transition means not only a change of voice, modulation, etc. but it means a change of the position of the feet as well. We may say it means a change of the whole muscular expression. Take for example, the change to be made in passing from one subject to another, or from descriptive language to the impersonation of a character.

Whatever kind of transition is to be made it should never be done by blending one form of expression into another, but the change must be made with decision, instantly even as the thought, and without calling attention to self.

To illustrate more particularly. In Daniel II. verse 3, the point of transition comes between the words "them," and "I," "And the king said unto them, 'I have dreamed a dream, and my spirit was troubled to know the dream.' " After the word "them," make a pause long enough to take on the troubled character of the king. After giving his speech, drop instantly his character and resume the narration.

Train the feet to take the proper position and the other agents of expression: word, voice, gesture readily fall in line.

Changing the position of the feet does not always mean stepping into a different place, but poising the body on the feet in harmony with the thought, whether it be Eccentric, Concentric, or Poised. When the feet are once in the proper position, let the emotion pass like a wave over the entire body. With proper positions of the feet, and with the body in harmony with the thought, the voice will give, generally, natural expression. To gain all this, the feet must be trained soldiers, ready, alert, responsive to the commander thought, answering instantly.

There seems to be a wrong notion among beginners and some speakers who believe there is no need for them to be beginners, concerning this point of change of position.

As a substitute for *expression* of the matter presented, there is a tendency to move, sometimes to plunge, aimlessly about like a caged tiger while speaking, thinking it adds life and action to the effort. It does all this, but alas, it is only physical and only a spectacle that awakens the same depth of thought in the beholder as is in the mind of the performer. While if the transitions are properly made, there will never be lack of life and action, and instead of meaningless rant the body and voice will re-enforce the words.

Every position and attitude of the body should be in harmony with the thought, helping to speak it out.

But if at the moment of utterance, the body instead of being attentive, thoughtful and expressive is like an unruly schoolboy roaming about, out of order, highest results are impossible.

Careful transitions help to enforce the thought and to mark naturally the pauses. When this is done right one knows when he has hit the mark.

Further treatment of Transition will be found under heading of Gesture. Studies for making the body responsive under Physical Culture in "Art of Rendering."

LXII. Law of Climax.— In a succession of objects or ideas, each should receive greater emphasis than that immediately preceeding, and at the climax, or extreme point of the emphatic scale, the vocal effort should culminate with a degree of force or intensity corresponding to the importance of the statement or argument.

Note 1.— Climax shows gradation — the top of the Rhetorical ladder.

Note 2.— There should be but one climax in any perfect work of art. The artist should work steadily toward the climax. It should be like the crest of a great wave with reaction before and depression after, leaving valleys on either side of the crest.

Says Spencer —“ As immediately after looking at the sun we cannot perceive the light of a fire, while by looking at the fire first and the sun afterwards we can perceive both.” So it should be with climax. The expression should bring out the climax in a way to preserve the unity, and still not obscure any important matters.

LXIII. Law of Repose.— Since reserved force is immeasurable because unrevealed, the highest power is mastery, the highest mastery, self-mastery, and of self-mastery repose is the emblem, in order to convey the greatest possible idea of power we should mark the utterance with that Repose which indicates unlimited reserve strength.

LAIV. Law of Responsiveness.— The reader should have such command of the modulations as to be able instantly to form and use that combination of them

which will best express the finest shades of the thought momentarily in mind. The body should ever respond to the thought.

Note I.— Speech is a succession of Kaleidoscopic effects. Its constantly changing phases each require an appropriate combination of Quality, Pitch, Force and Time, with delicate inflections and almost spiritual pauses. A new idea strikes the mind; the kaleidoscope is shifted, with a click the dozen bits of colored glass arrange themselves in new positions, and there is exposed a surprising mosaic of color altogether different from that upon which the eye last rested.

Note 2.— The second Key-note in speech is responsiveness.

LXV. Law of Fervor.— Fervor is an effective element, giving directness and earnestness to speech. It usually emanates from the moral nature and is soul force, convincing the hearer, and when added to real power becomes eloquence. Magnetism in a speaker may be but Fervor and Repose added to sympathy— unmeasured strength and intensity of purpose fired by all the ardor of the soul, irresistible in its power and carrying the will of an audience before it like a tempest.

Note 1.— As the electric light is formed by negative and positive currents in their fierce struggle to pass an obstacle, so the burning heat of eloquence is produced by currents of appropriate language and intense feeling meeting in the voice and struggling for the divine right of way to the human heart.

Note 2.— Fervor is illustrated by the salutation of a friend as differing from that of a mere acquaintance.

Let the voice and manner express the warmth we feel toward the thought we render and which we aim to induce others to accept and love, for the soul loves that which the heart chooses.

LXVI. Law of Relation of Values.— We should observe the relation of moral or emotive values, giving weight to the important and bringing out the desirable with all our heart and art, the contrasted undesirable being simply mentioned: as — “ Better to smell the violet cool than sip the glowing wine. ”

LXVII. Law of Proper Atmosphere.— In emotive utterance every thought should have its proper atmosphere of feeling.

LXVIII. Law of Magnanimity.— One of the highest emotive qualities of voice is Magnanimity, Kindness, Generosity of nature manifesting itself through the tones. This is rooted in heart culture, as the responsive voice reveals only what is in the mind and soul.

LXIX Law of Animation.— An essential element of success in speaking or reading is Animation,— earnestness, enthusiasm and energy of utterance.

LXX- Law of Naturalness and Spontaneity.— Naturalness and Spontaneity should be studiously preserved in all utterance.

LXXI. Law of Directness.— In addressing one or many individuals, particular attention should be paid to Directness of utterance, that thought may be conveyed straight to the hearer and not given forth in a general, diffuse and indefinite manner. Thus each listener feels a personal interest in what is uttered.

Note.— Too many speakers shoot over the heads of their audiences.

LXXII. Law of Imagination.— He who would speak effectively, must train his imagination, or picturing faculty, for upon this depends all vividness in delivery.

LXXIII. Law of Personation.— In solemn or serious discourse the speaker is always himself in his best condition, but when seriousness is not a prime requisite, the language when put in the mouth of another demands more or less Personation in its delivery.

Note 1.— To personate is to imitate voice and gesture. Personation is illustration. One picture conveys a more vivid and lasting impression than many words.

Note 2.— Gough's success as an orator lay mainly in his ability to people the platform with life-like characters, to be persuasive, argumentative, mirthful,— in short, oratorical or dramatic at will.

Note 3.—“ The textures of the muscles, having been thoroughly trained, are responsive to the sympathetic assimilation of character, . . . the conception so vividly realized that every thing seems to come from within outward.”

LXXIV. Law of Gesture.— *Gesture (or action) is not to be regarded as gesticulation simply, but in a broader sense of including the whole visible orator,— his presence, whether commanding or repulsive; his attitude, whether well poised or awkward; his bearing, whether unstudied or self-conscious; his manner, whether decided or aimless; his movements, whether graceful or clumsy; his facial expression, whether animated or unmoved; his gesticulation, whether appropriate or meaningless.*

LXXV. Law of Purpose.— *The object of gesture is to enforce speech,— to make plain, to add vividness to language as color does to outline. Words are but skeletons; by modulation and feeling they are clothed with flesh, but action endows them with life.*

The specific purposes of gesture are :

- | | |
|---|---------------|
| 1. To point where. — Location. | } Objective. |
| 2. To show how. — Illustration. | |
| 3. To reflect the state of the
speaker's mind. | } Subjective. |
| 4. Emphasis. | |

Note 1.— A question may arise as to when **gesture enforces speech**. To speak a thought and picture it at the same time by gesture is hardly an enforcement of it, but a double expression, as writing the same line twice adds nothing to its meaning. However, if the pictorial representation adds essential details that would not have been gath-

ered from the mere words, or if it give a clearer and more lasting impression, it has enforced speech.

Note 2.— It will be shown under Law of Application and may be mentioned here that the rules of voice and gesture apply to individuals in social and business life as well as to the orator.

Note 3.— Subjective gestures are of greater importance than those of Location and Illustration, though more difficult to set to rule because of widely differing individualities. Locative and Illustrative— Objective gestures are easily indicated and properly used in descriptive and dramatic recital, but in oratory and all earnest address we read the man in his individualized Emphatic gestures.

Note 4.— By Emphatic gesture is meant more than simply a stroke upon an emphatic word. The speaker full of his subject is in a positive, an active, aggressive state, emphasized, as it were, by the importance of his theme. Then every sentence is italicized — every utterance emphatic.

Note 5.— “ Gesture,” said Delsarte, “ is an elliptical language,” making pauses eloquent with added meaning.

LXXVI. Law of Manner.— Manner in gesture corresponds with Style in expression, being Conversational, Oratorical and Dramatic.

Note.— By observation we find that naturally in conversing gesticulation is performed with the forearm only, the elbow being the center of motion, while in oratory the whole arm moves from the shoulder in wide sweeps and bold curves. In dramatic language the whole

world of movements is drawn upon and often found inadequate to express the burning passions of the soul.

LXXVII. Law of Gesture Quality.— The kinds of gesture vary as do the kinds of voice. In colloquial language we should use simplicity and grace of movement; in fervid oratory, magnificence and boldness of action. The Qualities are: Magnificence, Boldness, Energy, Variety, Grace, Propriety, Precision, Simplicity.

LXXVIII. Law of Position.— Position should be erect and dignified, with chest presented squarely to the audience.

Position may be Passive or Active, Active Advanced or Active Retired, according to the sentiment.

LXXIX. Law of Passive Position.— In tranquility the body maintains an easy, natural poise.

LXXX. Law of Active Position.— In all emphatic states of mind the person becomes charged with energy, with muscles tense, head erect and body firm.

Active Position is taken in manly utterance, voicing noble sentiment, and in all earnest and emphatic language.

LXXXI. Law of Active Advanced Position.— The body is thrown well forward upon the advanced foot in earnest expression, eagerness, or Eccentric thought.

LXXXII. Law of Retired Position.— In firmness, decision, determination and independence the weight of the body is thrown on the retired foot, Concentric.

LXXXIII. Law of the Feet.— The most natural position is for the weight of the body to rest mainly on one foot, the feet nearly at right angles and not wide apart nor touching each other. This gives the body such poise that the arm may be used with freedom in gesture, unity being preserved by employing the right hand in gesture when the weight of the body is on the right foot and changing the weight to the left foot when necessary to use the left arm. Such changes are restful and give an appearance of ease to the speaker, but they should be made with a glide rather than a step. Sidewise steps should be avoided, and greater change of position is permissible at the instant of beginning a new paragraph.

Note 1.— Changes from Active to Passive occur, of course, at the instant demanded by the sentiment.

Note 2.— The feet start in fear, stamp in impatience, etc. but these movements are found in dramatic representation only.

LXXXIV. Law of the Head — In dignified speech the head should be carried easily and gracefully erect, not fixed, but with too few rather than too many movements.

Note.— The head bowed down denotes humility;

thrown back, arrogance; inclined to the side, languor; gently inclined forward, respect or deference.

The head never turns in the direction of an emphatic gesture, but the same impulse that throws out the hand in gesture of Location first turns the eye and face toward the spot. Gestures of Illustration, if somewhat general in their nature, do not require that you remove the eye from the audience.

LXXXV. Law of Facial Expression.— In all animated language the countenance should become the mirror of the mind, reflecting the emotions. The eyes should beam in joy, kindle in hope, flash in anger, and melt in pity. In lively conversation the play of the countenance is expressive, even eloquent, and it should be the aim in reading to acquire an equal facility and naturalness.

LXXXVI. Law of the Hands.— The face is most expressive in speech; next are the hands, which can urge, supplicate, admire, compare, refuse, repress and entreat even more eloquently than words. In ordinary gesture the hands take one of five positions, namely: Supine, Prone, Vertical, Pointing, Clenched.

Note.— We should not overload any of the numerous vehicles of expression, as is done when we try to express wholly by voice or by voice and hands. All parts of the body, as well as words, tones and inflections, should speak forth in harmony.

LXXXVII. Law of Supine Hand.— The hand easily opened with palm upward, fore finger and little finger nearly straight and slightly separated from the other two fingers which are gently curved, with the hand sloping toward the little finger, and the thumb well but not stiffly extended, is called the Supine Hand.

Note 1.— The language of the Supine Hand is affirmation, candor, honesty, communication, unreservedness, the hand of sympathy in its broadest sense, the hand used in giving out the thought.

It is used in nearly all ordinary language as description, in reference, assertion, concession, argument, or appeal, and in direct address.

Note 2.— In Delsarte's illustration with the cube, the Supine Hand supports the object, so this hand is used to support the assertion or statement.

LXXXVIII. Law of the Prone Hand.— The prone hand lies easily opened with the palm downward.

Note 1.— The language of the Prone Hand is: reservation, negation, repression, dejection, imprecation, secrecy, scorn, contempt, despair, destruction, desolation, awe, solemnity, treachery, concealment, execration, depreciation,— in withholding, divesting, abandoning, forbidding, denying, prohibiting, restraining, refraining, arresting, checking. Both Hands Prone— diffusion, dissolution, general destruction;— the opposite to the Supine.

Note 2.— The Prone Hand is used: to put down, to illustrate super-position, super-incumbency, negation, or any repressive emotion. It denotes a resting upon

literally as darkness overhanging the landscape, or figuratively doom impending over the criminal. Sadness is gloom overhanging the spirit; in restraining or prohibiting one will rests upon another, so both cases properly take the Prone Hand.

Note 3.— In Delsarte's illustration of the cube, this form of the hand holds down, restrains and controls, and is thus a stronger form of hand than the Supine.

LXXXIX. Law of the Vertical Hand.— The Vertical Hand is thrown well back upon the wrist, tips of fingers upward, and palm outward from the speaker.

Note 1.— The language of the Vertical hand is fear, disgust, repulsion, aversion, removal, abhorrence, retrogression.

Note 2.— The Vertical Hand is used: to ward off, to repel,— the natural expression of fear and disgust.

Note 3.— As applied to the cube, it means resistance (keeping away) opposition (pushing away).

XC. Law of the Pointing Hand.— The Pointing Hand is Ordinary or Emphatic according to the circumstances under which it is used and the degrees of emphasis. In the Ordinary form the hand is loosely opened with forefinger extended; in the Emphatic form it is tightly closed with forefinger extended, and in reproach or contempt the back of the hand is upward as in the Prone.

Note 1.— The language of the Pointing Hand is designation, close discrimination, specific reference, reproach, contempt, derision, scorn, warning, caution, mild threatening, authority.

Note 2.— The Pointing Hand is used: to point out or to limit; to call attention to particular ideas; to show authority or to accuse.

XCI. Law of the Clenched Hand.— The hand tightly clenched is frequently used in gesture. The tension of the clenched hand indicates the action of the will.

Note 1.— The language of the Clenched Hand is anger, hatred, strong determination, vehemence, defiance, desperate resolve, fierce threatening; the grasp, "tight-fisted," avaricious, self-contained.

Note 2.— The Clenched Hand is used in seizing, holding or grasping; in strong emphasis, vehement and impassioned declaration; in threatening and defiance; in anger, hatred and other intense and malicious passions, any strong action of the will.

XCII. Law of Movements.— In gesticulation, movements of the hands pass through three stages,— The Preparation, Stroke and Return.

1. *Preparation is usually made on a vertical line half way between the front and side.*

2. *The stroke, or vital movement of gesture, occurs on the emphatic syllable, that rhythm, or harmony of time, may exist between voice and body.*

3. The Return of the hand to the side or to the point of the next gesture should take place without abruptness.

XCIII. Law of the Arms.— Space may be so mapped out that the Direction which the arm takes in any gesture is easily indicated.

The Common Directions of Gesture are:

1. Front.
2. Oblique.
3. Lateral.
4. Backward.

In Elevation Gestures are :

1. Horizontal.
2. Descending.
3. Ascending.

Note 1.— The place of gesture is thus determined: An arc drawn from a point directly in front of the shoulder backward to the furthest point easily reached by the hand in an outward sweep is divided into three equal parts. This part of a circle with three equal parts has four points which are named Horizontal Front, Horizontal Oblique, Horizontal Lateral, and Horizontal Backward (marked H. F. , H. O. , H. L. , H. B.).

Draw a vertical line through each one of these points. Then draw two additional arcs parallel to the first, one above called Ascending, the other below called Descending, and the intersections of these with the vertical lines will mark Ascending Oblique, Ascending Lateral, Ascending Backward, Descending Front, Descending Oblique, De-

ascending Lateral, and Descending Backward directions which are marked A. F., A. O., etc. These arcs are not fixed like the Horizontal, but may slide upward and downward, the judgment of the speaker determining whether the rise or fall of the hand shall be slight, medium or extreme to best illustrate the thought.

Note 2.— The points mark the place for the stroke of the gesture, the hand in Preparation being raised somewhat higher.

XCIV. Law of Front Direction.— Ideas of nearness, whether of object, thought or feeling, directness, strong emphasis, personal or particular address, govern the Front Direction.

XCV. Law of Oblique Direction.— Ideas of generality, of indefiniteness, moderate emphasis, general reference and comparison, (which requires, both hands) govern the Oblique Direction.

XCVI. Law of Lateral Direction.— Ideas of expansion, extreme distance, repulsion, aversion, and contrast and universality (which require both hands) take the Lateral Direction.

ACVII. Law of Backward Direction.— Ideas of obscurity and remoteness govern the Backward Direction.

Note.— Backward direction is used in speaking of the past time, remote and obscured by years.

XCVIII. Law of Horizontal.— Horizontal Elevation is the realm of the Intellect.

Note.— Horizontal Elevation is used in general thought and illusions; such as ordinary statement or description, reference to surrounding objects, common address, the realm of equality.

XCIX. Law of Descending.— Descending Elevation is the realm of the Will.

Note.— The Descending Elevation is used in strong emphasis; to show determination or renunciation; to express inferiority or inequality and everything that is base and ignoble.

C. Law of the Ascending.— Ascending Elevation is the realm of the Imagination.

Note.— Ascending Elevation is used in purely imaginative flights; in fine poetic and exalted thought, to show superiority greatness, an unfolding or lifting up literally or figuratively; in exultation, sublimity and all the noble emotions; in physical, mental or emotive elevation.

CI. Law of Double Gestures.— Both hands used simultaneously in gesture upon the same point of direction and Elevation, join feeling to force and emphasize or intensify the meaning by adding to it the idea of expansion, completeness and universal application.

CII. Law of Special Gestures.— Special Gestures, usually imitative, may be used when they add meaning.

Note.— Great judgment must be exercised in using Imitative Gestures; they to be used little in serious discourse,

CIII. Law of Straight and Curved Lines.— As Straight lines are indicative of strength and Curved lines of beauty in gesture, the movements of the hand should be in harmony with the sentiment.

Note 1.— Straight Lines denote strength and power; as in bold, determined, abrupt and rugged language and in all emphasis.

Note 2.— Curved Lines express that which is beautiful, graceful, descriptive, genial, grand, sublime or exultant.

CIV. Law of Introductory Movements.— We find that much of a speaker's power lies in his ability to properly approach his hearers, and this is true in a mental as well as in a physical sense. To so place himself before them as to gain their attention, respect, favorable judgment and sympathy with his theme, should be his utmost endeavor. To this end great care should be given to personal appearance and propriety, manners as well as matter. He should avoid alike, timidity and arrogance, be gentlemanly, deferential, sincere and full of his subject.

Note.—It will be observed that this law applies not only to the public speaker but to man in every possible relation of life; and not alone in our Introductory Movements but sustained throughout the entire period of our contact with our fellows.

CV. Law of Velocity.— Velocity is inversely proportionate to the mass moved and the force moving.

Note 1.— Depth of emotion and large, profound thoughts require deliberate, slow movements while light thoughts and superficial emotions move more rapidly; in this way the appreciation and the intensity of thought and feeling may be determined, by the velocity of motion.

Note 2.— The Law of Velocity applies to the movement of Voice as well as Gesture.

CVI. Law of Sequence.— Impression must precede expression. After impression the logical order of action in expression is 1. the eye, 2. the body, 3. the voice. In gesture, motion should pass from the center outward, employing successively the various members till it appears at the circumference as gesture. To illustrate: when the emotion reaches the arm for expression the chest starts the action, the upper arm moves first, then the forearm, and last the hand. The law of Sequence is observed in all graceful movements as walking, bowing, gesticulating, etc., without which there is no grace.

CVII. Law of Emotions.— Tranquility being mind at rest, any departure from this condition is termed an Emotion — literally a "moving out." When Tranquility is disturbed, the mind becomes either Elevated or Depressed, or is touched by a Noble or an Ignoble Influence. When Tranquil Man moves out the Angel or the Demon moves in.

Note.— According to the Degree of Force of the Mental and Emotive Disturbance we have :—

1. **SENTIMENTS**, are slight emotions which may be the habitual state of the individual — his temperament color — and which usually do not manifest themselves by marked external signs except that they may always be detected in the voice and generally in the countenance.

Examples of Sentiments.— Cheerfulness, sadness, envy, perplexity, courage, hopefulness.

2. **EMOTION**, is a moving of the mind and feelings, a disturbed state manifesting itself by pronounced external signs.

Examples of Emotions.— Mirth, eagerness, surprise, fear, admiration, pride, veneration, adoration, defiance, pity, wonder, amazement, vexation, sorrow, grief, shame, scorn, suspicion.

3. **PASSIONS** are emotions so violent that they partly or wholly control the person.

Examples of Passions.— Terror, anguish, rage, fury, horror, hatred, joy, love, exultation, anger, despair, malice, melancholy, revenge, remorse, jealousy (active).

CVIII. Law of Rhythm.— The action of the heart consists of an accented and an unaccented beat. In breathing we observe the same pulsations. Speech too has its heavy and light. In an agreeable voice we can always hear those gentle undulations of force that we call its rhythm — so in inflection and emphasis, and we find a similar pulsation in gestures, an unaccented beat preceeding the stroke. In heart beat, breath or in speech Rhythm is nature's effort to maintain an equilibrium.

EMPHASIS of force should be immediately preceded by diminution of force.

INFLECTIONS. Rising slides should be balanced by slight Falling slides, and vice versa.

GESTURE. In gesture there should be a gentle inclination or swaying of the body or some part of it in the direction opposite to that in which every gesture occurs and just preceding the stroke. The trained, responsive body reacts naturally before expression, especially before taking a strong attitude. In slight gesture the reaction should be less, the recoil being governed by the intensity of the thought, the motion by the emotion.

Note 1.— This law of rhythm applied to gesture Delsarte called "Opposition of Agents," and a failure to apply the law "Parallelism."

Note 2.— The finest results are produced by attention to the Law of Rhythm in Speech. In still another sense beside emphasis, inflection, and gesture, the law may be observed. In arrangement of an interesting discourse the pendulum of oratory should alternate between mirth and pathos, argument and illustration.

Note 3.— Among the many examples, Rhythm alternation or opposition in nature may be mentioned the following: In life,— heart, pulse, breath; in voice,— force, pitch, time; in nature,— vibrations of sound, light and heat; day—night; heat—cold; noise—silence; effort—rest; work—play; ebb—flow; wind—calm; sunshine—shadow; expansion—contraction; vowel—consonant; war—peace; mountain—valley; upheaval—subsidence; light—darkness; life—death; cycles of nature.

So firmly is this principle grounded in our lives that the mind often supplies the unaccented beat.

"It would seem that everything moves to measure. In the universe this orderly principle swings to and fro, like the shuttle of a great loom, and the soul of man finds the highest correspondence of this gigantic rhythm in the pulses of music."

"For Nature beats in perfect time,
And rounds with rhythm her every rune,
Whether she works in land or sea,
Or hide under ground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And the ripples in rhyme the oar forsake."

CIX. Law of Poise, or Subjugation.— Considered with reference to Truth itself, which we in our best manner should ever express and clothe with living reality, man is but the mechanism concerned in speech, mind being the controlling power. Hence, a proper enforcement of Truth demands the instrument be under complete subjugation and guidance of the directing mind. The eyes, the hands, the lips, are simply the agents of expression, not the source.

When mind exercises perfect mastery over man, all the delicate parts and adjustments of the mechanism will respond to the directing touch, with all perfectly balanced the results will prove worthy of the instrument, the master of the instrument, and that Great Master from whom emanates all Truth.

Note 1.— The inadequate voice, imperfect enunciation, expressionless modulation, inappropriate gestures, nervousness that fetters the tongue and hampers the action, indecision of movement, hands ever in the way, and fingers that will not keep still,— these are all violations of the above law.

Note 2.— Perfect subjugation of body to the will, and the mind to the soul, is termed Poise. The poised mind is calm and self-possessed; the poised body strong, the poised voice sympathetic and well attuned, graceful and responsive. Poise is a balance of forces. We poise the body by allowing it to be entirely controlled by gravity, the voice by thought. We may poise the mind and soul by coming under subjection to the Infinite Will and Spirit.

“Obedience is the measure of ability; when second nature it becomes perfect freedom.” Poise is a paralleling of life to God’s will.

CX. Law of Sympathy.— Everything effective in speech requires sympathy on the part of both speaker and hearers, resulting in earnestness, fervor, directness and radiation on the speaker’s part and attention and receptiveness on the part of the listeners. The speaker must understand his theme and his audience, and the hearer be in a condition to appropriate what is said.

Note.— An imaginary line from the speaker to each hearer should transmit sympathy in the form of attention in one direction and radiation from the speaker outward in the other, so every member of the audience will feel himself particularly addressed, the thought being shared alike by speaker and hearer.

CXI. Law of Art Periods.— In the natural development of any of the varied Forms of Art it passes through four stages, namely :—

- 1. Colossal : Crude, Rough, Vital.*
- 2. Effective : Attractive — Beautiful or Hideous.*
- 3. Realistic : Close imitation of nature.*
- 4. Suggestive : With power to teach and ennoble.*

CXII. Law of Application.— The most important applications of the foregoing Laws may be of value in the following :

- 1. The Pulpit.*
- 2. The Bar.*
- 3. The Stage.*
- 4. The Home.*
- 5. The Teacher's Desk.*
- 6. The Reading Desk.*
- 7. The Lecture Platform.*
- 8. The Business World.*

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Miss Splicer Tries the Toboggan.
Billy's Rose.
David and Goliath.
My Guest.
Der Oak und Der Vine.
The Bride of Reichenstein.
A Sleigh-Ride.
The Aesthetic Cat-Tail.
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Joe Ford the Fireman.
The Chariot Race.
The Tartar who Caught a Tartar.
Tommy's Composition on Women.
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Petah.
Sir William Napier and Little Joan.
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CHOICE DIALOGUES.

NO. 4 CONTAINS

Important Suggestions for the Successful Presentation of Dialogues—The Stage—The Curtain—Background—Footlights—Effects—Rehearsals—Prompter—Representation—Costumes—Between the Acts—Tableaux—Pantomimes—Shadow Pantomimes—Acting Ballads—The Goblin Crew—Surprising Effects—The Talking Head or Magical Myth.

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NO. 8 CONTAINS

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